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JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1838.

REVIEWS

British India: its Races and its History. By John Malcolm Ludlow. 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co.)

India. By Richard Congreve. (Chapman.)

A Selection of Articles and Letters on various Indian Questions, &c. By Hodgson Pratt, Bengal Civil Service. (Chapman & Hall.)

A Letter to R. D. Mangles, Esq., M.P., in Defence of the Liberty of the Press in India. By John Connon, M.A. (Algar & Street.)

Insurrection—massacre—civil war—storm and siege, shot and shell—have set us thinking on India. But the ideal East is the ideal East still. A golden light of poetry floats above the ancient groves and religious temples of the Ganges. A mist curls up the slopes of the Himalayas and settles on the fat rice plains of Bengal. Havildars and Zemindars are still the people of our dreams—not more real than the figures of 'The Arabian Nights' or the voices in 'The Tempest.' Will India ever grow into a country of returns, blue-books, statistics and exact knowledge? Though four years have scarcely elapsed since the great Indian debates, the same mistakes are made, even by our senators, regarding the government of India, that were then exploded on evidence duly recorded and now accessible to all. How many of the speakers at the numerous meetings on the Indian question which have been lately held, have spoken of the Directors as actuated rather by the wish to increase their dividends than by higher motives! Why, the most cursory inquiry would show that "this Court of stupid money-seekers," as Sir C. Napier calls them, have nothing whatever to do with the revenues of India, are not a commercial body, and can never be one penny the richer by any of the measures they initiate. So little are they moved by mercenary feelings that, on an occasion, during the last debate on the charter, when the votes of those of their own body who were Members of Parliament would have doubled the official salaries of all the Directors, those members forebore to vote at all! Again, what can be more absurd than the eternally repeated cry for a responsible Government of India, when it has again and again been declared by the functionaries at the India House, and by the Presidents of the Board of Control, that the President is wholly and solely responsible. He is vested with absolute powers for the Government of India, if he chooses to exert them. Other orators on Indian Reform questions—including a noble marquis who has been promoted to the Cabinet, we are told, in anticipation of Indian debates!—state that the Government of the East India Company is an anomaly, and should, therefore, be abolished. Are all anomalies to be abolished? If so, we may begin at once. Perhaps the greatest anomaly in all the world is the fact of the vast and distant region of Hindustan being subjected to this comparatively small island.

The commercial character of the Company, with which smart writers are wont to twit the Council in Leadenhall Street, began to decline so long back as Plassy, the centenary of which victory has this year been solemnized with so many bonfires throughout Hindustan. With "the gloomy celebrity" of Clive and Warren Hastings, as Mr. Congreve is pleased to phrase it, dawned and uprose the star of our Empire in the East. As might be expected, the ministerial vultures soon snuffed this goodly quarry. Forth-

with the capitals of our new dominions were provided with independent royal courts, wherein a special Act of Parliament conferred on their Indian cities the inestimable uncertainty of English law. In the same year, the greatest of our Governor-Generals was shackled by the appointment of assessors, whose one object was to impede the councils of the State, and thwart the man they ought to have assisted. From this date, too, commenced the revisions of the Charter, which every twenty years have lopped off branches of power from the Company till the bare stem we now see has been left. In 1793 Pitt's Regulating Act was passed, and established the Board of Control, and three years after the Indian armies were placed on their present footing. From that time till 1813 were halcyon days for the Company. Their commerce flourished, great fortunes were made by their servants, and the controlling Board did little more than peep beyond its shell. But on the return of the scrutiny in 1813 the exclusive commercial privileges of the Company were restricted to China, and India was thrown open to all English merchants. Ten years after, at the close of Lord Hastings' government, our political supremacy in India became established, and the great corporation of Leadenhall Street had already lost half its vitality as a trading body, though it was abundantly compensated by having entered the first rank amongst Asiatic sovereignties. In other respects, this was a most felicitous epoch in its history; the revenue was in excess of the disbursements, a large portion of the debt was paid off, and the interest on the remainder reduced. It was flood tide with the Company;—and here things might very well have stopped for a quarter of a century without new wars or extension of territory, or fresh botching on the part of the parliamentary tinkers, who have hammered at the Government of India, till it has become too thin to hold water.

A new Governor-General, selected—not by the East India Company but by the English Government—with that careful indifference to the public good, which, at that time, characterized all ministerial appointments, plunged into a contest with Burmah and other States, spunged out the balance of cash then at the credit of the Company, and added thirteen millions and a half to the debt. As a compensation for these losses, the Company were at the next revision of their Charter, in 1833, excluded from all commercial dealings whatsoever; and, as a medal to mark the event, the Company's rupee was first coined, which, like Aaron's rod, was to swallow up all the other currencies. Under the Act of 1834, "the East India Company surrendered their trade, their claims, territorial and financial, and all their commercial property to the Government of India, and they were thenceforward to hold that property as trustees for the Crown; so much as was tangible was sold, and it realized the sum of 15,223,480*l.* Two millions of the amount was appropriated, under the authority of the Act, to the formation of a guarantee fund to secure the dividend, and ultimately the capital stock of the Company; 561,600*l.* was applied in the payment of compensations to shipowners and other persons; 8,191,366*l.* was applied to the redemption of Indian debt."

From this time, then, the East India Company ceased altogether to be a trading body, and all that has been since said about their care of dividends, their commercial narrow-mindedness, and so forth, is the drivelling of ignorance, or the invention of those who do not hesitate to sacrifice truth to malice. Of all the Directors who have been elected

since that time, and whom a late writer has been pleased to term "the few grocers in Leadenhall Street," one alone had not been previously resident in India, and he is a wealthy member of Parliament, and the head of one of the greatest banking-houses in London. Two commercial characteristics, however, still linger with the India House which are wanting at the more aristocratic establishments in the West. These are—method and punctuality, and a steady application to business. When Marshal Soult examined the records of the Company, he pronounced them not only to surpass the archives of any State with which he was familiar, but to be more complete than anything he had supposed possible. Similarly, if any information is required on any point connected with India, it is immediately obtainable at the India House; and there every applicant is sure at least, of a patient hearing. Our ministerial Boards are differently conducted. The motto with them is, "Ask, and ye shall not receive"; and of the high officials, one has invariably just gone out, a second not yet come in, and of the movements of a third nothing whatever is known.

But what, after all, is the reproach intended by asserting the Company to be a commercial corporation? They must have read little of history who do not know that Athens, Venice, Genoa, attained dominion under the guidance of those who knew how to unite commerce and statesmanship. It may, indeed, be said that the private business of those engaged in commerce would prevent them from giving their minds sufficiently to public matters,—and in this there is some truth; but it is an objection never urged against men to whom the highest interests of the State are committed as representatives of the people.

To glance, for a moment, at the way in which business is transacted by the Court of Directors, and their relative position to the Board of Control, we find that they are divided into three Committees,—of which one takes cognizance of Financial matters, one of the Political and Military department, and the third of the Revenue and Judicial. In the first of these, the three gentlemen who have not resided in India, but are at the heads of great houses in this country, find their fitting place; the other two Committees are as aptly made up by Directors of Indian experience. The whole administration of India passes under review in these Committees, which are generally composed of the same members, each of whom becomes chairman of his committee in rotation. All Indian despatches, with the exception of those relating to foreign States, in other words, to peace and war, are submitted to the Committees, duplicates being at the same time forwarded to the Board of Control when they are duly filed. The Directors initiate all measures, save Afghan and Persian wars, which emanate solely from the Board of Control. This latter establishment has virtually the power of initiation if it chooses to exercise it in other cases besides Persian, Burmese and Cabul expeditions, for it may not only alter all despatches of the Court *ad libitum*, but may desire the Court to prepare a despatch on any subject, and if this requisition be not complied with within fourteen days, prepare one of its own and send it to the Court for transmission to India.

In order to prevent a collision between the Board and the Court, of which the former possesses power but not knowledge, and the latter knowledge and not power, three Directors (generally the Chairman, Deputy Chairman, and Senior Director) are constituted a Secret Committee, or Cabinet of the Indian Parliament,

and these ascertain the will of the autocrat in Cannon Row before any steps towards a measure are taken. They submit to the President, in what is called a previous communication, a draft, which he alters, negatives, or approves; and which, when so approved, comes before the Committee of the department to which it belongs. After discussing it, they prepare a despatch, which is submitted to the Court, and after being modified by them as they think fit, is forwarded to the Board, whence it must be returned within two months either altered or approved. It is evident from the mere statement of these particulars that the Court of Directors is simply a council of experienced men whose business it is to advise the inexperienced minister who controls the destinies of our Indian Empire.

It is now sought to deprive that Council of their functions, and to give to the Minister of Indian Affairs a body of advisers wholly dependent on his will for their tenure of office, or a number of Under-Secretaries, who will not be at liberty even to express an opinion. It is supposed that the extinction of the Company and the proclamation of the direct rule of the Imperial Government will add strength to our Government!

We have read Mr. Ludlow's book with pleasure. He has studied his authorities well from Mill and Elphinstone down to the 'Autobiography of Lutfullah,' and has condensed into a short space a great amount of valuable information on all subjects connected with India. In some places, however, we observe a little contradiction of statements, and occasionally we note errors into which a writer who has simply a book acquaintance with the subject would naturally fall. As a sample of contradictory statement, or at least inconsistency, we must refer to his animadversion on Sir J. Hogg and Mr. Mangles for denying the existence of the torture system, when he himself acknowledges that European magistrates neither have nor can have, save in extremely rare cases, cognizance of such things. He distinctly says:

"I am speaking here of outrages which take place in the underground depths of Indian society, far below the very realm of European justice. No native officer of justice, being of a higher caste than the sufferers, would deign to take notice of them; the European magistrate remains wholly ignorant of them; the European landowner who has spent his life in the very neighbourhood, only hears of them by the merest chance."

After this statement, it is hardly fair to blame such men as Sir J. Hogg, whose Indian career was spent entirely in Calcutta, for ignoring the existence of these atrocities. In his remarks on the shortcomings of the East India Company, Mr. Ludlow forgets that the character of the present Court of Directors is wholly changed from what it was half-a-century back. There can be no object now in excluding European settlers from India, or lagging on the path of progress with respect to railroads and other public works.

We shall not parley long with Mr. Congreve, who proclaims himself the Apostle of Positivism. A few words—and they shall be his own—will show the nature of his views. "Convinced," he says, "as I had long been that there was no moral justification for our retaining our dominion in the East, * * I waited patiently for the day when either the energies of the native population should make our further hold impossible, or, what was more desirable, the spread of a purer moral feeling on such subjects should lead the English nation voluntarily to abandon that hold, and of itself retire from India, after having done everything possible to secure for the country it had so long

ruled, order, good government, and internal security." Mr. Congreve may rely upon our assurance that the only way to secure good government and internal security for India is to crush the present rebellion and resume our rule. To suppose that our withdrawal would give rise to aught but the wildest anarchy is a simple absurdity. But this writer is not satisfied with an absurd measure unless it be carried out in the most extravagant way possible. He would have a commission appointed of the delegates of seven nations to arrange the terms of our retreat. We are convinced no man, however shrewd, would guess which seven nations are selected by Mr. Congreve for this notable work. England and France, of course, head the list, and then come Portugal, Denmark, and Sardinia! The Sultan of Turkey is to be the sixth, as representative of the Indian Muslims, just as the Pope might be chosen to represent the English Dissenters! Does not Mr. Congreve know that the Mohammedans of India are in general Shiah, and that it is usual for them to execrate the patriarchs of the Faith whom the Sunnis venerate? "Cursed be this road!" said a Shiah guide to an English traveller; "it is as long as the entrails of Umar, and may it burn in like fashion." The Sultan would hardly be an acceptable mediator for men of these fancies. But the seventh delegate is to be "some eminent Brahmin," who, of course, would be greatly edified by taking his seat in such a Council. Really, Mr. Congreve's theories are like the rocket called by his name, "which," says the definition, "is filled with inflammable materials, and requires a stick to keep it steady."

On the principle that extremes meet, we will take Mr. Pratt's pamphlet next, in which sound good sense and a serious wish to be useful to his fellow men appear clothed in sober, moderate language. As, however, the articles of which the pamphlet is composed have already appeared in the *Economist*, and we need do little more than record our approval of them. We are glad to cite so candid a witness as to what has been said above regarding the mistakes made by a portion of the public, and unhappily by some of those who sway public opinion with respect to the government of India. Mr. Pratt says, "In common with all who know India from personal experience, the writer is pained to find that Indian questions are often so greatly misapprehended in England, even by the leaders of public opinion, and that serious errors are constantly circulated in regard to the character of the administration. This does not arise from any want of ability or patriotism, but from want of knowledge at first hand, imperfect access to information, and from ignorance of the influence of party-spirit in India."

Mr. Pratt is no advocate for the introduction of English law and the other schemes of the Indian reformers. Mr. Connon, the editor of the *Bombay Gazette*, and author of the letter to Mr. Mangles, which comes next on our list, is an opponent of what those reformers so ardently desire—the direct government of the Crown. He says, "I do not hesitate to say, that I fear many evils, and see little prospect of good in the proposed more abject submission of the Government of India to the House of Commons." This is much for a writer to avow who is suffering from that restriction on the press which the Court of Directors have sanctioned, if they did not suggest. But the opinions of practical men, we fear, will scarcely have their legitimate weight now that the Ministerial line of action is decided. While we write, Lord Clanricarde,

a persevering antagonist of the East India Company, has been raised to a high office. Rumour says that the offer of the supreme management of Indian affairs has been made to the leader of a powerful party in the Lower House, with a seat in the House of Peers, while the Secretaryship is to continue in the same hands. If this be true, we can only wish that the words of Persius were true in every sense, and that

Non pretoris erat stultis dare—
Officia.

The History of England, from the Accession of James the Second. By Lord Macaulay. Vol. II. (Longman & Co.)

THAT Baron Macaulay should defend what Mr. Macaulay wrote will not surprise any one. That having resolved to defend his accusation of Penn in the "scandalous business" of the Taunton girls, he should do so with a certain dexterity and strength, every one will expect to find. If the charge breaks down in his hands—if his facts fail, and even his assertions lack force—the reader will be sure that the weakness lies in the cause rather than in the advocate.

The new edition of his 'History' is advertised as "revised and corrected";—but with regard to the charge against Penn—though it has been disproved by evidence which all the organs of opinion have accepted as conclusive—there is no revision and no correction. William Penn still stands in the historical text a pardon-broker engaged in a scandalous transaction! Our readers will be very curious to see the reasoning by which the "corrector" has arrived at this extraordinary conclusion, confronted with the facts stated in the Introductory Chapter of the new edition of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's 'Life of Penn.' Lord Macaulay's fame is national property. We are proud of his talents, and we are naturally jealous of his credit. If this be lowered, literature itself suffers somewhat. But truth is of more consequence than the reputation of a great writer. The original Macaulay-text still stands:—

"An order was sent down to Taunton that all these little girls should be seized and imprisoned. Sir Francis Warre of Hestercombe, the Tory member for Bridgewater, was requested to undertake the office of exacting the ransom. He was charged to declare in strong language that the Maids of Honour would not endure delay, that they were determined to prosecute to outlawry, unless a reasonable sum were forthcoming, and that by a reasonable sum were meant seven thousand pounds. Warre excused himself from taking any part in a transaction so scandalous. The Maids of Honour then requested William Penn to act for them; and Penn accepted the commission."

To this text we have an explanation by Baron Macaulay, which we quote entire—merely pausing at the chief points to assess its value. The note runs:—

"Locke's 'Western Rebellion'; Toulmin's 'History of Taunton,' edited by Savage; 'Letter of the Duke of Somerset to Sir F. Warre'; 'Letter of Sunderland to Penn,' Feb. 13, 1684, from the State Paper Office, in the Mackintosh Collection. (1848.) 'The letter of Sunderland is as follows:—'Whitehall, Feb. 13, 1685-6."

"Mr. Penne,—Her Majesty's Maids of Honour having acquainted me that they designe to employ you and Mr. Walden in making a composition with the relations of the Maids of Taunton for the high misdemeanour they have been guilty of, I do at their request hereby let you know that His Majesty has been pleased to give their fines to the said Maids of Honour, and therefore recommend it to Mr. Walden and you to make the most advantageous composition you can in their behalfe.—I am, Sir, your humble servant, SUNDERLAND."—That the person to whom this letter was addressed

was William Penn the Quaker was not doubted by Sir James Mackintosh, who first brought it to light, or, as far as I am aware, by any other person, till after the publication of the first part of this History. It has since been confidently asserted that the letter was addressed to a certain George Penne, who appears from an old account-book lately discovered to have been concerned in a negotiation for the ransom of one of Monmouth's followers, named Azariah Pinney. If I thought that I had committed an error, I should, I hope, have the honesty to acknowledge it. But, after full consideration, I am satisfied that Sunderland's letter was addressed to William Penn. Much has been said about the way in which the name is spelt. The Quaker, we are told, was not Mr. Penne, but Mr. Penn. I feel assured that no person conversant with the books and manuscripts of the seventeenth century will attach any importance to this argument. It is notorious that a proper name was then thought to be well spelt if the sound were preserved. To go no further than the persons who, in Penn's time, held the Great Seal, one of them is sometimes Hyde and sometimes Hide; another is Jeffries, Jeffries, Jeffereys, and Jeffreys; a third is Somers, Sommers, and Summers; a fourth is Wright and Wrighte; and a fifth is Cowper and Cooper. The Quaker's name was spelt in three ways. He, and his father the Admiral before him, invariably, as far as I have observed, spelt it Penn; but most people spelt it Pen; and there were some who adhered to the ancient form, Penne. For example, William the father is Penne in a letter from Disbrow to Thurlow, dated on the 7th of December 1654; and William the son is Penne in a newsletter of the 22nd of September, 1688, printed in the Ellis Correspondence. In Richard Ward's 'Life and Letters of Henry More,' printed in 1710, the name of the Quaker will be found spelt in all the three ways, Penn in the index, Pen in page 197, and Penne in page 311. The name is Penne in the Commission which the Admiral carried out with him on his expedition to the West Indies. Burchett, who became Secretary to the Admiralty soon after the Revolution, and remained in office long after the accession of the House of Hanover, always, in his Naval History, wrote the name Penne. Surely it cannot be thought strange that an old-fashioned spelling, in which the Secretary of the Admiralty persisted so late as 1720, should have been used at the office of the Secretary of State in 1686. I am quite confident that, if the letter which we are considering had been of a different kind, if Mr. Penne had been informed that, in consequence of his earnest intercession, the King had been graciously pleased to grant a free pardon to the Taunton girls, and if I had attempted to deprive the Quaker of the credit of that intercession on the ground that his name was not Penne, the very persons who now complain so bitterly that I am unjust to his memory would have complained quite as bitterly, and, I must say, with much more reason. I think myself, therefore, perfectly justified in considering the names, Penn and Penne, as the same."

The question of the spelling—about which we have here these needless illustrations—amounts to this and no more. A letter is found addressed to Mr. Penne. There is a Mr. Penne. He spells his name Penne. The Pinney family spell his name Penne. Everybody spells his name Penne. In deeds, petitions, Acts of Parliament, it is spelt Penne. Moreover, he is a pardon-broker. He is at Taunton. He is actually engaged in selling pardons. Why, then, assume that the writer of the letter is ignorant of the mode in which his correspondent writes his name? Had there been no Mr. Penne (as Sir James Mackintosh imagined) it might have been argued that Sunderland had made a mistake in spelling. But there being a man whose name the letter *does* bear—and who is a known pardon-broker, actually engaged at the time in Taunton selling pardons—why go in search for a man whose name it does *not* bear, and who is not known in any way ever to have been connected with the sale of pardons at Taunton

or any other place? Would Lord Macaulay wish the reading world to infer that all his investigations have been made in this spirit and according to this logic?

To proceed:—

"To which, then, of the two persons who bore that name, George or William, is it probable that the letter of the Secretary of State was addressed? George was evidently an adventurer of a very low class. All that we learn about him from the papers of the Pinney family is that he was employed in the purchase of a pardon for the younger son of a dissenting minister. The whole sum which appears to have passed through George's hands on this occasion was sixty-five pounds. His commission on the transaction must therefore have been small. The only other information which we have about him is that he, some time later, applied to the government for a favour which was very far from being an honour. In England the Groom Porter of the Palace had a jurisdiction over games of chance, and made some very dirty gain by issuing lottery tickets and licensing hazard tables. George appears to have petitioned for a similar privilege in the American colonies."

George Penne was not a mere vagabond, as here described. Though he had become a pardon-broker, he had once been a gentleman of property. A great deal more is known about George Penne than the two facts which Lord Macaulay borrows from Mr. Dixon.

"William Penn was, during the reign of James the Second, the most active and powerful solicitor about the Court. I will quote the words of his admirer Croese. 'Quum autem Pennus tanta gratia plurimum apud regem valeret, et per id perperas sibi amicos acquireret, illum omnes, etiam qui modo aliqua notitia erant conjuncti, quoties aliquid a rege postulandum agendumve apud regem esset, adire, ambire, orare, ut eos apud regem adjuvaret.' He was overwhelmed by business of this kind, 'obrutus negotiationibus curatioribusque.' His house and the approaches to it were every day blocked up by crowds of persons who came to request his good offices; 'domus ac vestibula quotidie referta clientium et supplicantium.' From the Fountainhall papers it appears that his influence was felt even in the highlands of Scotland. We learn from himself that, at this time, he was always toiling for others, that he was a daily suitor at Whitehall, and that, if he had chosen to sell his influence, he could, in little more than three years, have put twenty thousand pounds into his pocket, and obtained a hundred thousand more for the improvement of the colony of which he was proprietor. Such was the position of these two men. Which of them, then, was the more likely to be employed in the matter to which Sunderland's letter related? Was it George or William, an agent of the lowest or of the highest class? The persons interested were ladies of rank and fashion, resident at the palace, where George would hardly have been admitted into an outer room, but where William was every day in the presence chamber and was frequently called into the closet. The greatest nobles in the kingdom were zealous and active in the cause of their fair friends, nobles with whom William lived in habits of familiar intercourse, but who would hardly have thought George fit company for their grounds. The sum in question was seven thousand pounds, a sum not large when compared with the masses of wealth with which William had constantly to deal, but more than a hundred times as large as the only ransom which is known to have passed through the hands of George. These considerations would suffice to raise a strong presumption that Sunderland's letter was addressed to William, and not to George; but there is a still stronger argument behind. It is most important to observe that the person to whom this letter was addressed was not the first person whom the Maids of Honour had requested to act for them. They applied to him, because another person, to whom they had previously applied, had, after some correspondence, declined the office. From their first application we learn with certainty what sort of person they wished to employ. If their first application had been made to some obscure pettifogger

or needy gambler, we should be warranted in believing that the Penne to whom their second application was made was George. If, on the other hand, their first application was made to a gentleman of the highest consideration, we can hardly be wrong in saying that the Penne to whom their second application was made must have been William. To whom, then, was their first application made? It was to Sir Francis Warre of Hestercombe, a Baronet and a Member of Parliament. The letters are still extant in which the Duke of Somerset, the proud Duke, not a man very likely to have corresponded with George Penne, pressed Sir Francis to undertake the commission. The latest of those letters is dated about three weeks before Sunderland's letters to Mr. Penne. Somerset tells Sir Francis that the town clerk of Bridgewater, whose name I may remark, in passing, is spelt sometimes Bird and sometimes Birde, had offered his services, but that those services had been declined. It is clear, therefore, that the Maids of Honour were desirous to have an agent of high station and character. And they were right. For the sum which they demanded was so large that no ordinary jobber could safely be entrusted with the care of their interests. As Sir Francis Warre excused himself from undertaking the negotiation, it became necessary for the Maids of Honour and their advisers to choose somebody who might supply his place; and they chose Penne. Which of the two Pennes, then, must have been their choice, George, a petty broker to whom a percentage on sixty-five pounds was an object, and whose highest ambition was to derive an infamous livelihood from cards and dice, or William, not inferior in social position to any commoner in the kingdom? Is it possible to believe that the ladies who, in January, employed the Duke of Somerset to procure for them an agent in the first rank of the English gentry, and who did not think an attorney, though occupying a respectable post in a respectable corporation, good enough for their purpose, would, in February, have resolved to trust everything to a fellow who was as much below Bird as Bird was below Warre?"

—Here we have a very weak argument in very strong words. When the object was to cast dirt at Penn the Taunton business was "scandalous"; now that the object is to escape from the proved fact that the "scandalous" business was assigned to a "scandalous" agent, it becomes one proper for a gentleman of the highest rank. But the whole point rests on the assertion that George Penne could not have been in correspondence with such great people as Somerset and the Maids of Honour. One fact destroys this theory. George Penne was a person whom the Duke of Somerset might have addressed on such a subject as the ransom of the girls of Taunton. George Penne corresponded with the masters of Somerset—with the Privy Council. He was of sufficient importance to the State to have his correspondence entered in the Registers of the Privy Council.

We give the rest of the explanation, though it amounts to nothing:—

"But, it is said, Sunderland's letter is dry and distant; and he never would have written in such a style to William Penn, with whom he was on friendly terms. Can it be necessary for me to reply that the official communications which a Minister of State makes to his dearest friends and nearest relations are as cold and formal as those which he makes to strangers? Will it be contended that the General Wellesley, to whom the Marquess Wellesley, when Governor of India, addressed so many letters beginning with 'Sir,' and ending with 'I have the honour to be your obedient servant,' cannot possibly have been his Lordship's brother Arthur? But, it is said, Oldmixon tells a different story. According to him, a Popish lawyer, named Brent, and a subordinate jobber, named Crane, were the agents in the matter of the Taunton girls. Now it is notorious that of all our historians Oldmixon is the least trustworthy. His most positive assertion would be of no value when opposed to

such evidence as is furnished by Sunderland's letter. But Oldmixon asserts nothing positively. Not only does he not assert positively that Brent and Crane acted for the Maids of Honour; but he does not even assert positively that the Maids of Honour were at all concerned. He goes no further than 'It was said,' and 'It was reported.' It is plain, therefore, that he was very imperfectly informed. I do not think it impossible, however, that there may have been some foundation for the rumour which he mentions. We have seen that one busy lawyer, named Bird, volunteered to look after the interest of the Maids of Honour, and that they were forced to tell him that they did not want his services. Other persons, and among them the two whom Oldmixon names, may have tried to thrust themselves into so lucrative a job, and may, by pretending to interest at Court, have succeeded in obtaining a little money from terrified families. But nothing can be more clear than that the authorized agent of the Maids of Honour was the Mr. Penne to whom the Secretary of State wrote; and I firmly believe that Mr. Penne to have been William the Quaker."

"Nothing can be more clear"—unfortunately, nothing can be less clear. There is no authority—so far as we know—for the assertion that "Mr. Penne" was the authorized agent.

The "corrector" adds:—

"If it be said that it is incredible that so good a man would have been concerned in so bad an affair, I can only answer that this affair was very far indeed from being the worst in which he was concerned. For these reasons I leave the text, and shall leave it, exactly as it originally stood. (1857.)"

"These reasons" will very much surprise Baron Macaulay's readers. "I firmly believe" is no acceptable form of historical authority. We firmly believe there are only two opinions on the subject of this singular charge against Penn—on one side that of Baron Macaulay, on the other side that of the British public.

History of the Campaign of 1815: Waterloo—
[*Histoire de la Campagne de 1815*]. By
Lieut.-Col. Charras. (Jeffs.)

THE plain of Waterloo will for ever be a landmark in military history. There was closed the immense account of slaughter between Napoleon and the world. There a medley of nations, under a great English captain, defeated the host of a mighty commander, who no longer represented a people. The event of that day is distinct enough, if measured by its results. The history of Europe struck into a new path from the moment of the British advance and the Prussian arrival; and yet the field has since been bitterly contested, as though several rivals had indefeasible claims upon its glory. We all know the French fable on 'he subject—that the English were beaten, but would not acknowledge it. Most of us have heard the Prussian theory developed, which attributed the victory exclusively to Blücher. And who has not listened to the confident Londoner's belief, that the Duke was triumphant in all directions before the Prussians gave the French their first deadly salute? These points of dispute are gradually going out of sight. Happily, we are less exposed than formerly to loud explanations about "the Prussians coming up," the Duke being "surprised at Brussels"; the 'leviathan solidity of the English squares, and the exact moment—whenever that was—in which Wellington gave the word "Up, guards, and at them!" Much talking had made the topic fatiguing,—and a tourist has felt grateful to a French officer for cutting short a Prussian harangue in favour of the national Blücher theory, by saying, "Then, if the victory was gained by the Prussians alone, I am delighted to hear it. In that case, France

can avenge herself whenever she pleases." In the book before us, another officer of the French army undertakes to treat of the campaign of 1815, and of Waterloo especially. Lieut.-Col. Charras is not unknown. He belongs to the party proscribed in France. He is a practical soldier, and his services have gained for him the esteem of the French army. This narrative, perhaps, will not satisfy the egotism of such Frenchmen as believe Napoleon the First to have been a faultless commander, and persist in identifying the eagles that fluttered in the blood-stained dust of Waterloo with the symbols sacred to the independence of a nation. It is a calm, close, rapid review of the entire campaign; and, if it lowers the Bonaparte pedestal, it is still history, and must be refuted before it can be rejected. Such a work was wanted, particularly by French readers. In English, we have Siborne, and a good many compilations; but the Paris libraries had been overloaded with grandiloquent accounts, based upon the statements of Napoleon and his followers. No one, perhaps, is qualified to compose a final history of Waterloo until it has been ascertained whether the vaulted room at Apsley House contains any documentary evidence; but, with this reserve, we may pronounce that Lieut.-Col. Charras has written a most lucid and satisfactory narration. His object, as apparent throughout his pages, is to render ample justice to the commanders engaged, to the troops employed, and to the nations represented. Of course, as a military critic, he presents himself with certain set views, which may not find universal acceptance, and concerning which we have nothing to say. Indeed, minute anatomy might lay bare some errors of detail; but the spirit of the writer, as at once evinced, and his plan, which systematically connects his assertions with his authorities, entitle him to our general confidence,—the more so as we find him avoiding the traditional blunders of French historians. An English version of such a book is desirable.

Lieut.-Col. Charras, in the main, avoids political discussion, although the politics of history necessarily intrude, at times, into his narrative. Thus, to account for the position occupied by the Emperor at Waterloo, it was requisite to pass into certain explanations; but these are characterized by moderation and candour, allowing, as we must do, for a slight inevitable bias. In his treatment of Napoleon, however, we trace nothing but the sagacity of a military mind united with a determination to bring out the truth in defiance of "that mortal enemy of knowledge"—as it is called by Sir Thomas Browne—authority. The authority among the French has been the account dictated by Napoleon himself, and that, says Lieut.-Col. Charras, in many material respects, is false, although, "for more than thirty years, it has served as a basis for almost every recital of the campaign of 1815 signed with the name of a Frenchman." He himself professes to have examined the entire range of records, including the unpublished archives at Paris, and those of Belgium. Here, at all events, he had some new materials to work upon. Moreover, his knowledge of the topography of the series of battlefields which led Napoleon to his overthrow seems to be complete. This, in combination with his obviously ingenuous purpose, confers on his work its special value.

The conduct of operations by Napoleon, after his return from Elba, was marked by every species of fatuity. Lieut.-Col. Charras considerably strengthens this view; but we propose, at present, to notice chiefly his commentaries on the great battle which Byron dared not attempt to picture, even though his *Childe* wandered to

that plain of blood-bedewed grass. According to Napoleon, and the majority of French writers who have servilely followed him, Wellington and Blücher owed their victory to accidents all but incredible. "The dispositions of the English General," wrote the Shadow on St.-Helena, "were contemptible, or, to speak more plainly, he made none. He so managed that it was impossible to make any." To this the reply is straightforward:—

Wellington's dispositions were so good that his adversary found him constantly ready to repulse any assault, at whatever point along his line it was delivered. Giving battle, as he did, on the defensive, in order, until the arrival of the Prussians, to maintain his army in the position it then occupied, he had to manoeuvre but little:—his tactics were well suited to the species of troops ranked under his command; but such manoeuvres as he did make were well conceived and well executed.

The point to be remarked in this is not so much the accuracy of the view enforced as the readiness with which a French Lieutenant-Colonel suggests a military defence of Wellington against him of Arcola and Lodi. The following sentence contains at once the pith of the hostile criticism and the rejoinder:—

The position of Mount St.-Jean presented no worse difficulties in the way of a retreat than that which was occupied by Napoleon himself; indeed, it presented less.

A comparison follows between the facilities and difficulties presented by the roads in the rear of Wellington—the forest of Soignes—and the defile of Genappe, through which Napoleon, says Lieut.-Col. Charras, might have found it impossible to draw off his artillery. Wellington, asserts Napoleon, did not make good use of his numerous cavalry. "Unhappily," says his French commentator, *he did*.—

In the first period of the battle, the repulse of D'Erlon's corps was determined by that arm, and it cost us nearly 5,000 men. In the second, the repeated and heroic charges of Milhaud's and Kellermann's squadrons, and of the Guards, failed not only through the resistance of the British and Dutch battalions, but in consequence of the able and opportune use made by Wellington of his cavalry.

Towards the close of the battle the cavalry appeared in splendid prominence, whatever it was pleasant to write at St.-Helena. Lieut.-Col. Charras denies—and he never rests on denial only—Napoleon's assertion that Wellington did not anticipate an attack upon his left.—

That which proves that he was not unprepared is that, being attacked in that part of his line, he found himself strong enough to inflict a signal defeat upon D'Erlon; but still more, what proves it again is, that after this first attack Napoleon directed his principal efforts against the Anglo-Dutch centre.

When he resolved to give battle at Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington, remarked Napoleon, founded his resolution simply upon the belief that the Prussians would join him, an event "which could not have occurred until five o'clock in the evening." This, Lieut.-Col. Charras says, is inexact. Had not accidents intervened, Blücher might easily have been upon the field one hour after noon. But it must not be thought that the French soldier, commenting upon Waterloo, finds Wellington's strategy unassailable. On the contrary, he assumes that he has fixed upon "a great, an incontestable error, committed by the English general;—the detachment of seventeen thousand men at Hal, three leagues from the spot at which he assailed the enemy." The Duke had a reason for this movement, which he himself explained in his despatches, and Napoleon omitted to condemn it; we are incompetent, however, to object to Lieut.-Col.

Charras as a critic, and hasten to add what follows.—

In spite of allegations as violent as they are devoid of justice, it must be acknowledged that this was the only fault with which Wellington could be reproached during the whole of that terrible day. Unfortunately for France, he conducted the battle admirably, notwithstanding the delay of the Prussians; he never engaged his troops beyond the necessities and opportunities of the battle; he invariably engaged them judiciously; and he knew how to have a powerful reserve ready for the decisive moment. He came to a critical point, nothing is more certain. But what commander of an army has not? To cite an example: Napoleon, at Marengo, found himself in a position quite as much compromised as that of Wellington at Waterloo, when a happy inspiration on the part of Dessaix and the heroic determination of Kellermann converted a defeat into a signal victory.

The most extravagant of Napoleon's criticisms was that in which he declared that Wellington had twice resolved upon retreat, but found it impossible. "And thus—O strange eccentricity of human events!—his bad choice of a field of battle, which rendered retreat impossible, was the cause of his success." With this passage most readers are familiar. After pointing out the lines by which the English might easily have fallen back, Lieut.-Col. Charras puts a series of questions.—

But at what moment did Wellington ever conceive the idea of abandoning the field of battle to his adversary? Was it after he had beaten D'Erlon? Was it after he had repulsed Ney's first charge, at five o'clock, when Bulow made his movement upon Plancenoit; or at seven, when all our cavalry recoiled, despite its valour, from the English centre?—or half an hour later, when the infantry of the guard, overwhelmed by numbers, redescended the plateau? * * No, Wellington did not think, and never could have thought of retreating, at any moment of the day.

Napoleon criticized Wellington, and Lieut.-Col. Charras weighs the criticism. Napoleon praised himself, and Lieut.-Col. Charras values the eulogy. He devotes many cleverly-reasoned and substantial pages to a scrutiny of the French tactics at Waterloo, and points to a succession of manoeuvres which, on grounds of military science, he emphatically condemns. Of course, these judgments, in both cases, must be taken for what they are worth; the principal question is, whether Lieut.-Col. Charras produces fair credentials, and fairly employs his privileges as a historian. One fact, at all events, appears to have been demonstrated—that the Napoleon of Waterloo was decayed, exhausted, demoralized as a general.

The work of Lieut.-Col. Charras is a narrative, not a disquisition. The critical scrutiny runs through it like a vein, and the points are summed up at the close, but the chapters are never tediously laden with parenthetical matter. Uncommon praise, indeed, is due to the author of a book so well constructed, judicious, and impartial. The history is accompanied by an Atlas, containing five excellent maps and plans.

Merope. A Tragedy. By Matthew Arnold. (Longman & Co.)

"We cultivate beauty with simplicity" is the English of the Greek motto which Mr. Matthew Arnold has prefixed to the first page of his new tragedy. The significance of this motto the reader will appreciate when he understands that fifty-three pages of preface and introduction are thought necessary in order to explain the principles upon which the drama is constructed, the actual traditions on which it rests, and the previous Italian or French plays with which the author agrees, or from which he differs.

To hope any longer that Mr. Arnold would

indulge us with a poem or a play, not written upon a theory, and not appended to a dissertation on poesy, and only in consequence of the interest it moved and the art it concealed throughout, making the reader anxious for its early history, that would be reckoning without the author's carelessness of rhyme, and omitting his tendency rather to give us a reason for his writing. Mr. Arnold's theory upon poesy is much better than his practice. He has evidently thought and read, and as Professor of Poetry may be expected to know, much upon the subject, and yet this tragedy, as Milton quaintly puts it, "coming forth after the antient manner, is much different from what among us passes for best."

Classically speaking, the drama is studied from accurate models—the language is calm, the rate of interest equable—there is nothing vehement or over-modern: instead, for instance, of "the buffoonery" into which Shakspeare often plunges, as if to relieve himself, we have what Mr. Arnold calls "the noble and the natural relief which the finer feelings of the Greeks found," viz. several pages of interjections, or strophes of prosaic and most moral grief, modelled in strict accordance with classical propriety. Mr. Arnold avers, and, we doubt not, truly, that he has invented little. There is scarcely an incident for which classical authority could not be claimed, and not a few passages in the chorus for which Sophocles or Æschylus might not be quoted. The Electra is recalled at p. 25, and the Antigone at p. 41. The subject had the *prestige* and the favour of antiquity. One of Euripides' plays turned on the story of *Merope*, and the chief scene in that drama Aristotle instances as a masterpiece of pathos. In later days Richelieu partly dramatized it, then Maffei, then Voltaire, and last of all, Alfieri. The story is tempting: Cresphontes, the King of Messenia, is murdered, with two of his sons, by Polyphontes, his friend. Ægyptus, the remaining son, disappears, and *Merope*, the widowed queen, mourns her double loss. Twenty years have passed, and the Messians deplore the old dynasty. Mr. Arnold's drama opens with the return of Ægyptus to Messenia. It is early day, and the Queen, with her maidens, is coming out to pay the annual funeral offerings at the tomb of Cresphontes. Ægyptus kneels there, and retreats as they advance. Polyphontes—whose lengthy orations are well expressed by his name—follows the Queen, and thus entreats her:—

Polyphontes. Consider not old hates:
Consider, too, this people, who were dear
To their dead king, thy husband—yes, too dear,
For that destroy'd him. Give them peace; thou canst.
O *Merope*, how many noble thoughts,
How many precious feelings of man's heart,
How many loves, how many gratuities,
Do twenty years wear out, and see expire!
Shall they not wear one hatred out as well?

Merope. Thou hast forgot, then, who I am who hear,
And who thou art who speakest to me? I
Am *Merope*, thy murder'd master's wife.
And thou art *Polyphontes*, first his friend,
And then . . . his murderer. These offending tears
That murder draws . . . this breach that thou wouldst close

Was by that murder open'd . . . that one child
(If still, indeed, he lives) whom thou wouldst seat
Upon a throne not thine to give, is heir
Because thou slew'st his brothers with thy father. . .
Who can patch union here? . . . What can there be
But everlasting horror 'twixt us two?

The drama moves slowly on, the dialogue at times broken by the intervention of the usually tedious Chorus, until Ægyptus appears, and under a feigned name tells the story of his own death to the king. The prince was chasing a stag, and the event is thus described—

Now, in the woods far down, I saw them cross
An open glade; now he was high aloft
On some tall scar fring'd with dark feathery pines,
Peering to spy a goat-track down the cliff,
Cheering with hand, and voice, and horn his dogs.

At last the cry drew to the water's edge—
And through the brushwood, to the pebbly strand,
Broke, black with sweat, the antler'd mountain stag.
And took the lake: two hounds alone pursued:
Then came the prince—he shouted and plung'd in.—
There is a chasm rifted in the base
Of that unforgotten precipice, whose rock
Walls on one side the deep Stymphean Lake:
There the lake-waters, which in ages gone
Wash'd, as the marks upon the hills still show,
All the Stymphean plain, are now suck'd down.
A headland, with one aged plane-tree crown'd
Parts from the cave pier'd cliff the shelving bay
Where first the chase plung'd in: the bay is smooth,
But round the headland's point a current sets,
Strong, black, tempestuous, to the cavern-mouth.

I saw the prince turn round
Once in the black and arrowy race, and cast
One arm aloft for help: then sweep beneath
The low-brow'd cavern-arch, and disappear.

The story told, Ægyptus enters the guest-chamber; and, while he is sleeping there, *Merope*, fancying he is the stranger who has murdered her son, enters with uplifted axe. The scene, which, according to Plutarch, made the olden theatre thrill with tragic terror, Mr. Arnold thus presents:—

Merope. He sleeps—sleeps calm. O ye all-seeing Gods!
Thus peacefully do ye let sinners sleep,
While troubled innocents toss, and lie awake?
What sweeter sleep than this could I desire
For thee, my child, if thou wert yet alive?
How often have I dream'd of thee like this,
With thy soil'd hunting-cost, and sandals torn,
Asleep in the Arcadian glens at noon,
Thy head droop'd softly, and the golden curls
Clustering o'er thy white forehead, like a girl's;
The short proud lip showing thy race, thy cheeks
Brown'd with thine open-air, free, hunter's life.

Ah me! . . .

And where dost thou sleep now, my innocent boy?—

In some dark fir-tree's shadow, amid rocks

Untrodden, on Cyllene's desolate side;

Where travellers never pass, where only come—

Wild beasts, and vultures sailing overhead.

There, there thou liest now, my hapless child!

Stretch'd among briars and stones, the slow, black gore

Oozing through thy soak'd hunting-shirt, with limbs

Yet stark from the death-struggle, tight-clench'd hands,

And eyeballs staring for revenge in vain.

Ah miserable!

And thou, thou fair-skinn'd Serpent! thou art laid

In a rich chamber, on a happy bed.

In a king's house, thy victim's heritage.

A more just stroke than that thou gav'st my son,

Take.

Aras rushes in—a recognition takes place—

and poetic justice is satisfied with the slaughter

of Polyphontes and the restoration of the right-

ful prince.

What does Mr. Arnold's drama gain, and

why are his readers expected to suffer, from

the continued recurrence of such antique ejacu-

lations as—

Ah . . . Ah . . . Ah me!

Chorus—

And I, too, say, ah me!

interjections which recall Thomson's famous

Oh! Sophonisba, Sophonisba, oh!

Pages, too, of tedious interlocution, or needless

expletives, such as yes—no—ah—true—who—

oh—ten or twenty to a page, with metres of this

sort:—

Then, a boy, he startled

In the snow-fill'd hollows

Of high Cyllene

The white mountain-birds;

Or surpris'd, in the glens,

The basking tortoises,—

not to speak of a multitude of epithets similar

to "poison-blistered," "all-wept," the *issuing*

Queen,—and idioms such as—

Our journey is well made, the work remains

Which to perform we made it,—

do not tend to remove "the obstacles enough"

in the way of classical revivals, which Mr.

Arnold has very candidly confessed.

Adventures in the Wilds of the United States

and *British American Provinces.* By Charles

Lanman. 2 vols. (Philadelphia, Moore;

London, Low & Co.)

THE condition of the North American continent

in all that regards the present state and future

progress of society, the relation between the

different races, white, red, and black, as Pulszky

terms them, so dissimilar in their origin, their character, their present condition, and future destiny, by which it is peopled;—the numberless and intricate divisions and subdivisions of their political parties,—their commercial prosperity and pride,—their absorbing instinct of gain,—and all the various phases of life in the cities, the marts, the congress;—their judicature and prison discipline,—their advancing but hitherto low standard of education,—the anomalous construction of their army,—and all the thousand elements of political and social life,—are so well known in this country, and so familiar to us from the records of our own travellers and our intimate commercial relations, that little remains to be told us which could interest the English reader. But the appearance of an original record, by an intelligent and educated native of the country, of his adventures amongst scenes remote from the seats of civilization and the congregations of man, extending over thousands of miles of almost unexplored territory, amidst its sky-invading mountains, its stupendous rivers, its boundless plains, and bringing us into contact with many of the aboriginal tribes, making us acquainted with their legends, their past history, and present habits and condition—drawn, too, from personal observation, and recorded with evident truthfulness, yet with a lively spirit of romance, and a style at once graphic and poetical—must possess a freshness and attraction which cannot fail to arrest the attention of the reading public on both sides of the Atlantic.

The author shall give us his own account of the origin and the staple of his book.—

"This work [he says in the Preface] is composed of materials which I have gathered within the last ten years, while performing occasional tours into almost every nook and corner of the United States and the neighbouring British provinces. It comprehends ample descriptions of the valleys of the Mississippi and St. Lawrence Rivers, with the Basin of the Great Lakes, the entire mountain land overlooking our Atlantic sea-board and the alluvial region bordering on the Gulf of Mexico. It is, indeed, a kind of cyclopædia of American scenery and personal adventure, and of travelling incidents, calculated to exhibit the manners and customs of our people and interest the lovers of natural history and the various kinds of sporting."

—This, however, gives hardly a fair notion of the scope of the work, and we shall be doing the author greater justice than he has done himself, by quoting two letters from the most deservedly popular of American writers in this country, Washington Irving, which gives a more favourable idea of the work itself, and at the same time are interesting as offering a graceful and pleasing reminiscence of one, of whom we have of late years heard but too little.—

"Sunny Side.

"My dear sir,—I would not reply to your very obliging letter of September 10th until I had time to read the volumes which accompanied it. This, from the pressure of various engagements, I have just been able to do; and I now return you thanks for the delightful entertainment which your summer rambles have afforded me. I do not see that I have any literary advice to give you, excepting to keep on as you have begun. You seem to have the happy, enjoyable humour of old Isaac Walton. I anticipate great success, therefore, in your Essays on our American Fishes and on Angling, which I trust will give us still further scenes and adventures on our great internal waters depicted with the freshness and graphic skill of your present volumes. In fact, the adventurous life of the angler, amidst our wild scenery, on our vast lakes and rivers, must furnish a striking contrast to the quiet loiterings of the English angler along the Trent and Dove; with country milkmaids to sing madrigals to him, and a snug, decent country inn at night, where he may sleep in sheets that have

been laid in lavender. With best wishes for your success, I am, my dear sir, very truly,

"Your obliged, WASHINGTON IRVING."

"Sunny Side.

"My dear sir,—I am glad to learn that you intend to publish your narrative and descriptive writings in a collected form. I have read parts of them as they were published separately, and the great pleasure derived from the perusal makes me desirous of having the whole in my possession. They carry us into the fastnesses of our mountains, the depths of our forests, the watery wilderness of our lakes and rivers, giving us pictures of savage life and savage tribes, Indian legends, fishing and hunting anecdotes, the adventures of trappers and backwoodsmen; our whole arcana, in short, of indigenous poetry and romance. To use a favourite phrase of the old discoverers, 'they lay open the secrets of the country to us.' I cannot but believe your work will be well received, and meet with the wide circulation which it assuredly merits. With best wishes for your success, I remain, my dear sir, yours very truly, WASHINGTON IRVING."

As a fair example of the author's descriptive style, we give the following passage, which, allowing for a slight degree of that verbosity and elevated diction which characterizes American writing, appears to us eloquent and graphic.—

"The moment that you pass the mouth of the Missouri on your way up the Father of Waters, you seem to be entering an entirely new world, whose every feature is 'beautiful exceedingly.' The shores now slope with their green verdure to the very margin of the water, which is here of a deep green colour, perfectly clear, and placid as the slumber of a child. My first view of this spot was at the twilight hour, and every object that met my gaze wore an unwonted loveliness. Over the point where the sun had disappeared floated a cavalcade of golden clouds; and away to the eastward rolled on, along her clear, blue pathway, the bright full moon, and now and then a trembling star,—the whole completely mirrored in the bosom of the softly-flowing but ever-murmuring stream. On my right lay a somewhat cultivated shore; on my left a flock of islands whose heavy masses of foliage rested upon the water; and in the distance was the pleasant and picturesque town of Alton, with its church spires speaking of hope and heaven. No living creatures met my gaze save a wild duck and her brood gliding into their shadowy home, and an occasional night hawk as he shot through the upper air, after his living food; and no sound fell upon my ear but the jingling of a distant cowbell and the splash of a leaping sturgeon. Another picture which makes me remember with unalloyed pleasure this portion of the Mississippi was a scene that I witnessed early in the morning. The sky was without a cloud, and a pleasant sunshine had full sway among the hills. On either side of me was a row of heavily-timbered islands, whose lofty columns, matted vines, and luxuriant undergrowth of trees, told me of a soil that was rich beyond compare, but seldom trodden by the foot of man; and in the distance was an open vista, beautified by other islands, and receding to the sky. Now, unnumbered swallows were skimming the water, uttering a shrill chirp; then the cry of a disappointed blue-jay would grate upon the ear; now a boblink and blackbird held a noisy conversation, and then the croak of a raven would descend from the top of some dead tree; now the mocking-bird, the dove, the red and blue bird, the robin, and the sparrow, favoured me with a chorus of their own, while the whistle of the quail and the lark would now and then break forth to vary the natural oratorio. And to cap the climax an occasional flock of ducks might be seen, startled away by our approach, also a crane feeding on the shore; or a bold fish-hawk pursuing his prey, while the senses were almost oppressed by the fragrance of blowing flowers which met the eye on every side."

We are tempted to insert the very pretty Chippewa legend of 'The Maiden of the Moon,' but we feel that we should be guilty of the only fault which we can attribute to our author, that of spinning out our article. Were

the book contracted by one third at least, it would be improved.

The Rambles of a Naturalist on the Coasts of France, Spain, and Italy. By A. de Quatrefages. Translated by E. C. Otté. (Longman & Co.)

THE naturalists of this country,—and we may include those of every country where the science of Zoology is cultivated—are acquainted with M. de Quatrefages principally as the author of interesting memoirs on the comparative anatomy of various types of invertebrate animals, which have appeared in different publications, but have been made known to us mainly in the pages of the 'Annales des Sciences Naturelles.' These separate contributions have established the fame of the author as one of the most laborious and successful observers in this branch of zoological science in the present day. But in the work before us we have depicted, in the most graphic manner, and with a truthfulness and simplicity equalled only by the energy and enthusiasm which so strongly characterize him, the very element, as it were, of which all those important results are composed, the scenes in which they were elaborated, and the sources whence they were derived. Devoted to his favourite pursuit with all the ardour which it is sure to excite in a mind deeply imbued with a love of nature, and which alone can insure success, he has from time to time resorted to scenes where, uninterrupted by extraneous objects, or the intrusions of society, he could, without distraction, investigate nature in her most secret haunts, and follow the successive development of the lower forms of life in their very homes, and free from the disturbing influences of artificial interference. His earlier rambles were undertaken alone; but we find him afterwards associated with a worthy fellow-labourer, from whom he might well derive instruction and assistance in his investigations, whilst his friendly companionship must have even increased the interest of his pursuits. This friend was Prof. Milne-Edwards, as amiable a man and as profound a zoologist as ever adorned society or science.

A considerable portion of the present work made its appearance in the first place in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; and the detached papers were afterwards collected, modified, and published in their original language,—in which form the work is already known to many of our readers. Miss Otté has now rendered them more popularly available in an admirable translation, which preserves more of the freshness of the original than is usually to be met with.

The author's defence of the study of Zoology and of its active pursuit, which occurs in the Introduction, is as just as it is eloquent; and we recommend it to the candid consideration of any of our readers, if such there be, who are disposed to cavil at such studies. The first excursion recorded in the book was to the little archipelago of Chausey, as he calls a group of islets which appear to have afforded him an amount of materials for study which more considerable and frequented spots would have failed in; and it would be difficult to conceive a more forcible illustration of the absorbing nature of these studies upon a mind fully alive to their attractions, than we have presented to us in the account he gives of the happiness he enjoyed during the three whole months of his sojourn in this desolate and inhospitable spot.—

"It may," he says, "perhaps excite astonishment to hear of cold and dampness, considering that I was at Chausey during the months of July and August. But this surprise will vanish if we

call to mind the character of the summer of 1841, even at Paris; and that I was in the midst of the sea, at three leagues distance from that western coast of France, where a fine day, even in ordinary seasons, is a thing of very rare occurrence. I scarcely saw the sun above half-a-dozen times during the three months of my sojourn. Either rain or mist accompanied me on all my rambles. I often returned home so thoroughly drenched, that, from want of a sufficient supply of clothing, I was obliged to remain in bed while my clothes were drying before the fire of the farm-house kitchen. The south-west wind, which beat full upon my door, had so completely loosened all the joints, that in the slightest storm I was inundated. A few days after my arrival, I awoke one morning with six inches of water under my bed; in order to avoid being entirely surrounded, I was obliged to cut a hole in the most sloping part of the floor, and by means of this precaution, I had for the future a river instead of a lake in my room. All my steel instruments were covered with rust; the metallic mirror of my camera-lucida was entirely ruined, and I had some difficulty in protecting the brasswork of my microscope. The salt melted in my salt-cellar; and a pound of sugar, which had been forgotten for a fortnight, at the bottom of my cupboard, was converted into syrup.

Leaving the details of his labours, let us look for a moment into the sources of those feelings which could render such a spot as this the scene of a purer and higher enjoyment than the most splendid and epicurean pleasures of the city or the court could afford.—

"My table—whose area of four feet square was crowded with the products of my explorations—now became a source of enjoyment far more attractive than any of the numerous splendid spectacles which were being presented at the same hour before the affluent idlers of our large towns. My forceps, needles, and compressor secured the objects of my research,—my microscope and lenses revealed an infinite world to my eyes—my pencils and brushes enabled me to secure rough illustrations of these treasures, to be filled up at some future time with more care and exactitude—while my pen was hastily employed drawing up the notes necessary to give permanence to my recollections of what I had seen. I saw one fact linking itself to other facts,—I felt one thought awaken other thoughts; and this mutual reaction between observation and intelligence, was the source of unspeakable enjoyment. Yes; in this remote spot of earth, whose desolate aspect could not fail to strike the beholder with profoundly sombre impressions,—in this large room, in which the cold and the dampness seemed to struggle for pre-eminence,—in the absence of all material comforts, I can truly say that I enjoyed the most unalloyed pleasure that has as yet fallen to my lot. When ascending to the origin of all these harmonies, I found that the Eternal Power was the source from whence this admirable order sprang; when, through marvel to marvel, my thoughts rose from creation to the Creator, it was from the very depths of my soul that I adored Him in His works, and united with Geoffroy de Saint-Hilaire in the cry of 'Glory be to God.'"

Everyone knows and recognizes the claims of Prof. Milne-Edwards to the name of one of the first zoologists in Europe, to whom we have already referred as the companion of our author in some of his subsequent "rambles." How has this distinguished naturalist acquired that extensive and profound knowledge on which this character is founded? Not by reading, not by chamber investigations, not by the lamp and the luxurious ease of the library and the museum; certainly not *without* these; but these have been ancillary only to the enthusiastic search after the phenomena of nature in her own haunts, and with a laborious perseverance which only such enthusiasm could have instigated or supported. We cannot forbear quoting the following passage, as a lively illustration of this position:—

"Instead of merely exploring the accessible parts of the shore, or dredging at hap-hazard, we were now about to descend to the bottom of the sea; and, in the enjoyment of perfect liberty of action, we were actually going to pursue the marine animals into their most hidden retreats, within the recesses of those rocks, which were so deeply buried beneath the waves as to appear to defy all our efforts. The execution of this project, the idea of which originated with Milne-Edwards, demanded some precautions. First, it was necessary to be well assured of the working condition of our apparatus, and so to combine and arrange its different parts, as to foresee all possible accidents, and to secure the means of remedying them, should they occur. In the course of a few days, everything was arranged, and after some preliminary trials, M. Milne-Edwards made his first submarine excursion within the Harbour of Milazzo. For more than half-an-hour he remained at the bottom of the sea, which he traversed in all directions, turning over the stones, examining frond by frond the tufts of Algae, and collecting together, and observing on the spot, the different zoophytes which live at the depth of from ten to thirteen feet below the surface of the water. After this first attempt, M. Edwards descended to much greater depth; and in the Bay of Taormine, and elsewhere, we saw him at a depth of upwards of twenty-five feet below the surface of the water, working for more than three quarters of an hour to detach with a pickaxe some of those large panopaeas of the Mediterranean which had been known only by their large bivalve shells. The apparatus employed by M. Milne-Edwards in these submarine explorations was that which had been invented by Colonel Paulin, a former commandant of the fire brigade of Paris, to be used in case of fires in cellars. A metallic helmet, provided with a glass visor, encircled the head of the diver, and was fastened round the neck by means of a leather frame supported by a padded collar. This helmet, which was in truth a miniature diving bell, communicated by a flexible tube with the air-pump, which was worked by two of our men, whilst two others stood ready to replace their companions. The rest of the crew, under the orders of Perone, held the end of a rope which, passing through a pulley that was attached to the yard, was fixed to a sort of harness, by which we were enabled quickly to draw up and embark the diver, who had been drawn to the bottom of the water by means of heavy lead soles, which were kept in their places by strong straps. M. Blanchard took charge of the air-tube, and watched that it did not become twisted by the different movements made by M. Edwards, or by the swaying to and fro of our boat, while I retained in my hand the rope by which the diver was to make his signals, and God only knows with what anxiety I watched its faintest motions. This will be readily understood, on considering that the slightest mistake might have proved fatal to M. Milne-Edwards. Notwithstanding all our care, the means of safety at our disposal were very imperfect, for it required fully two minutes to draw the diver from the water and loose his helmet. On one occasion the yard cracked, and threatened to break at the very moment when I had given orders to haul in the rope, under the impression that I had received a signal of distress; our men instantly sprang towards the water, and they would soon have brought M. Edwards to the surface, but more than five minutes elapsed between the moment when I thought I felt the cord move, and that in which M. Edwards was able to breathe the air freely; and this length of time would have been more than sufficient to determine a fatal condition of asphyxia. Happily, however, I had been deceived by an involuntary motion imparted to the telegraphic line; but one may easily perceive that researches of this nature were not devoid of danger, and it certainly requires an amount of zeal very uncommon among naturalists of our day to risk so perilous an undertaking."

And now, what will the dilettante naturalists of our drawing-rooms and libraries, of our Wardian cases and aquariums, or those who

suffocate butterflies and impale beetles and call themselves naturalists, say to such earnest investigations as these?

But it is not in the zoological researches alone which it records that the value of this work consists. The descriptions of the scenery, the details of the history and antiquities of many of the localities visited, vary and enhance the interest. One of the best descriptions we remember ever to have read of the phenomena of the immediate region of a volcano is that of Etna, which we find in the sixth chapter of the second volume. The ascent and the descent of the mountain are described with the most picturesque effect.

Upon the whole, we must acknowledge the vast superiority of this work over all the numerous ones, of the same class and aim, with which our shelves have recently been loaded. There is here no trifling, no affectation, no attempt at a style, no pretty picture, nothing *ad captandum*; and the reader always feels himself in the presence of a philosopher and an earnest, truthful man. The pleasure, however, which we have derived from its perusal must not shut our eyes to its one great fault,—and we refer to it more in sorrow than in anger. There is throughout the work a manifest—we will not say intentional—depreciation, or rather an ignoring, of the labours and merits of English naturalists, and a no less obvious prejudice against us as a nation. These objectionable features are softened in the translation. Upon this unpleasant topic we do not wish to dwell. There is ample room for praise; and we should gladly welcome a second edition, in which this fault may be still further corrected.

MINOR MINSTRELS.

Normiton: a Dramatic Poem, in Two Parts. With other Miscellaneous Pieces. By Mary C. Hume. (Parker & Son.)—Apart from the merit of 'Normiton' as poetry, Miss Hume may claim applause for its novelty as a story. The most sagacious reader—the novel consumer of seven years' standing—would be at fault as to the ending, for the ending is precisely what people would expect, though not expect to find in books. Normiton, being twice disappointed in love, actually marries a third person feminine, instead of the second, who reappears at a favourable moment. This is the more ingenious, as the objections to the previously contemplated marriage have been removed. But here is the weak part of the story. Normiton has been rejected simply on account of his religious infidelity, and he becomes a believer through the medium of a fire at the hall, consequent fever, and loss of sight: his moral and physical vision returning simultaneously. Miss Hume states, in her Preface, that 'Normiton' was written before 'Aurora Leigh' appeared, but there is still something like the incident in 'Jane Eyre.' It is a woman's incident in each case, and a very womanly one. It is not very elevating to the hero. The "doubts" arise from an unrequited passion, and disappear as we have described; but beyond the assertion of the hero's infidelity, they are not closely traced. Thus Normiton is not precisely a didactic poem, and far from a theological essay; but it is a story of varied elements, of flesh and blood with all the seriousness possible, and far more of the gaiety and banter of life than is possible or pleasant. Its great point appears to be that, as three fires in an unengined neighbourhood make a man's fortune, so two broken hearts make a man happy for the rest of his days. The novelty of this will be admitted. But whilst there is no novelty in the incidents resulting in this curious ending, Miss Hume deserves acknowledgment for picturesque descriptions and occasional reflections. We select a passage rather because it may safely be detached, than that it illustrates these comments:—

I dreamed that love
Should steal upon the heart, like summer dawn

On the awakening world, soft, gradual;
First hailed and welcomed by the mountain-peaks,
The loftiest aspirations of the soul;
Then, slowly spreading downward o'er the slopes
Of intellectual intercourse, so flood
At length the very plains and vales of sense
With beauties of its sunshine; one by one
Kissing awake all spirit-buds and flowers,
To pour their fragrance forth in gratitude.
I had forgot that perfect love like this
Could be the portion but of perfect souls!
I had forgot to estimate how far
My own heart fell below the standard raised
By my presumption, when I deemed its pulse
Should never quicken, save to one whose touch
First waked the highest, holiest chords that thrill
In heart of mortal; deemed I must be wooed
As angels woo, won as might angel be.

There are numerous passages of equal merit; but—for poetry—'Normiton' is painfully long, and much of it reads like a dislocated novel. The minor poems possess a graceful and earnest feeling, and expression which cannot fail to earn for them admirers.

London Lyrics. By Frederick Locker. With an Illustration by George Cruikshank. (Chapman & Hall.)—Mr. Locker differs materially from modern writers of first volumes. He is not at all broken-hearted, and would only value solitude when accompanied by the last new novel and a bottle of the peculiar yellow seal. He writes with a middle-aged, experienced air, that is quite refreshing. Sometimes he has almost a touch of the lightness (not political) of Béranger: constantly of the humorous American, Oliver Wendell Holmes; whilst it seems clever in him to have avoided becoming more like Hood. He writes of London streets, has possibly never seen the overworked fens, and does not find even Highgate or Hampstead necessary for inspiration. His poetic spring gushes warm—in tea-cups. Mr. Locker is light and humorous, but never flippant or heartless. Here is a specimen of Mr. Locker's happy contentment and style:—

O Tempora Mutantur!

Yes! here, once more, a traveller,
I find the Angel Inn,
Where landlords, maids, and serving-men,
Receive me with a grin;
They surely can't remember me,
My hair is grey and scouter;
I'm chang'd, so chang'd since I was here—
"O tempora mutantur!"

The Angel's not much alter'd since
That sunny month of June,
Which brought me here with Pamela
To spend our honey-moon;
I recollect it down to 'em
The shape of this decanter.
We've seen been both much put about—
"O tempora mutantur!"

Aye, there's the clock, and looking-glass
Reflecting me again;
She vow'd her Love was very fair—
I see I'm very plain.
And there's that daub of Prince Leboo,
'Twas Pamela's fond banner
To fancy it resembled me—
"O tempora mutantur!"

The curtains have been dyed; but there,
Unbroken, is the same,
The very same cracked pane of glass
On which I scratch'd her name.
Yes! there's her tiny flourish still,
It used to so enchant her
To link two happy names in one—
"O tempora mutantur!"

What brought this wand'rer here, and why
Was Pamela away?
It might be she had found her grave,
Or he had found her gay.
The fairest fate; the best of men
May meet with a supplanter;
How natural, how true the cry,
"O tempora mutantur!"

Mr. Cruikshank takes the subject of his sketch, 'Castles in the Air,' from the author, and he has worked it out with that poetic playfulness of former years which he has recently revived.

Withered Leaves. By Rusticus. (Edinburgh, Edmonstone & Douglas.)—Rusticus has produced a volume of considerable elegance. The print is considerably larger than Mr. Tennyson affects, the margin at least double the breadth; whilst the gaiety of the covers satirically contrasts with the 'Withered Leaves' they preserve. Perhaps, if the volume has a fault, it may be found in that portion of it; but lest we should do injustice, we leave

Rusticus to speak for himself—subject, 'The Last Smile'—

When thou hast felt, as I feel now,
The death of love's first bloom,
The faithlessness of plighted vow,
And gladness merged in gloom;
Then in that hour of vain regret,
And saddening reverie,
Oh! may'st thou mind when last we met,
When last you smiled on me!

—Or, turning the leaf, we attend 'the Soldier's Burial'—

The sword and trappings rest upon
The coffin's gloomy pall,
To tell the rank of him that's gone,
Far! far beyond recall!

—For certain reasons—which shall not for the world be mentioned—we did not get beyond page 28 on "Gambling."—

Say not there's true enjoyment, where
The painted card or ball
Is watched with eye and brow of care
In deep excitement's thrall.

Earl Godwin's Feast; and Other Poems. By Stewart Lockyer. (Saunders & Otley.)—In his present volume Mr. Lockyer sustains the favourable reputation gained by his 'St. Bartholomew's Day.' He is bold in choice of subjects requiring imagination. Conscious of his strength in fancy and grace in language, he abandons his idiosyncrasy for that of fairies, seagulls, or Vikings—exercising fate over an Earl's daughter, inspecting the treasures of the deep, or slaying one-and-thirty Danish sea-kings, with a vitality displaying considerable poetic power backed by appropriate study. More musical verses than Mr. Lockyer's we seldom meet; and it should be observed that their music is never purchased at the expense of higher qualities. His ideas take their own measure, falling with ease into melody, the lines never owing their perfection to redundant adjectives, and seldom, even, to involution. Here, for instance, extracted from 'Earl Godwin's Feast,' is a worn-out subject, rendered, as it always is, new and fresh by a fine touch:—

On the golden cushions lying, where the woven silks are
lying

With her cheeks and tresses bright,
Graceful as a lily tender, couched in waves with sunset
splendour
All alight,
Is the fair and gentle bride,
Rosebud lipped and violet-eyed.

Fresh, oh! fresh as spring's first blossom, naked, new-born
at earth's bosom,
She doth seem,

Strangely sweet as rich plants blooming, mystic, magic
groves performing
In a dream.

When the drowsy brain doth ravel
Haunting tales of wondrous travel.

Should you look at her for hours you should think of
nought but flowers,
Nothing else,

You might fancy every parting breath would set sweet life
upstarting,
Buds and bells;

Only earthly doth she seem,
In that she is like to them.

There are much better pieces in the volume, of a higher class, if of inferior execution. True observation, in expressive lines, will be found in the minor poems, 'Far Away,' 'Madrigal,' 'A Hot Day by the Sea,' and others; whilst admirers of ballads will appreciate 'Lady Kate' and 'Jarl Eirik's Clemency,'—the latter reading like a modernized fragment of the 'Nibelungen Lied.' Mr. Lockyer's poems will please by their simplicity, their absence of affectation, and by the good sense which the author displays in touching only such subjects as he can touch well. If there is no promise of something great, there is certainty of much that will be valuable because good of its class. We observe a favourable point in these new volumes—the "deadly upas" is mentioned but once. It was high time for our poetical woodmen to "spare that tree."

NEW NOVELS.

Castle. By the Author of 'Mr. Arle.' 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)—There is much that is extremely good in this novel. The story is interesting, which is always the vital point in a work of fiction; it is very well written, which is another virtue. Isabel Wold, the heroine, is the daughter

of a tradesman, who has educated her far above her nominal station. She being very proud and very ill regulated, chafes at the station of life in which she has been born. She first, out of pride, refuses a man above herself in rank whom she loves, and then, out of spite, marries another man, also her superior in social position, whom she detests, and the result is what might have been expected. The tradespeople of the book are refined, and educated, and idealized, until they bear the resemblance to the real persons of their class that Westall's large-eyed peasants bear to the working people that come in the course of nature before our eyes; though for the interest of the story that may be allowed, it does not add to its reality or probability. The Author of 'Mr. Arle' and 'Ethel' has real talent, but she has not yet perfect grasp and hold of her subjects. She writes too much and too fast. We would like to see her consolidate her strength: she requires more time to ripen. Having taken to the didactic vein, she will need a larger capital of self-knowledge and observation, and knowledge of human nature than she has at present amassed, if she is to go on for any length of time. Giving good counsel, and showing what ought to be done under given circumstances, has a fascinating facility which at first may deceive many, but it is a great drain on an author's own resources, and cannot be carried on long without frequent replenishing; for even the spring of good advice is apt to run dry. We say this in kindness of spirit; for the Author of 'Mr. Arle' is a writer of promise, and we desire that the fruit should come to its full flavour and maturity.

The Handwriting on the Wall: a Story. By Edwin Atherstone. 3 vols. (Bentley.)—Mr. Atherstone is known for his affection for robust epic subjects. Having in blank verse exhausted all that could be said of Nineveh he has taken Babylon in hand. The story of the last three days of that ancient city are here given, intermixed with details of the private life and loves and griefs of sundry individuals whose names are not mentioned in history. Cyrus and Croesus come out pleasantly,—the life of an eastern king is scarcely fitted to meet the decorums of daylight,—and Belshazzar was not a model monarch even in his own class, so he has to be considerably veiled. The hero of the book is a young Samson of a Hebrew, named Michael, who performs many wonderful feats of strength and heroism. Amongst others, he enters alone the hall where the king is "feasting with a thousand of his lords," seizes him single handed, and pitches him bodily into a yawning chasm. The scene is spirited, but the effect is marred by an anti-climax. The king is fished up by his lords. Cyrus, as hero and victor, gives him a long sermon on his past sins, and condemns him to be hanged. This second scene is intended to set forth the honour and glory of Cyrus, but it reads almost like a burlesque. The many virtues of Cyrus have been handed down by tradition; but it would have been a very questionable evidence of them had he been capable of delivering the elaborate harangue which is here set down for him on the very instant of his entrance into a conquered city. Whether it was intended for his credit or not, it is certain the climax falls flat, and is disappointing. In spite of the ponderousness of the subject, and the dreadfully long time ago since it all happened, to say nothing of the Delhis and Lucknows which lie much nearer to our hearts than the fall of Babylon, still Mr. Atherstone, by dint of his own strong interest in what he has written, and his familiarity with details which show that he feels quite at home in that almost fabulous city, handles his story with a lightness and skillfulness which will carry the reader through the three volumes much to his own astonishment, for there are, we fancy, few ordinary readers who would not be disposed to swerve aside on reading the portentous title-page; but if they can once clear that fence they will find the road easier on the other side than they could have expected. The story is interesting in its way; the descriptions are gorgeous and often graphic; the style suits the subject, having a certain quasi-Scriptural flavour; and above all, there is evidence of conscientious hard work and research and painstaking which gives the work a title to

respect. It is a great comfort, too, that it is written in prose instead of poetry, it makes it much easier reading; but it is very solid work after all, and must be encountered in a resolute frame of mind.

The Happy Moment—[*Der Augenblick des Glücks*]. By F. W. Hücklander. (Stuttgart, Krabbe; London, Thimm.)—A very pleasant little novel, by one of the most popular German writers of the day. The scene is laid at the court of a grave but worthy Duke, who governs his principality in the capacity of regent, while he awaits the accouchement of the widow of the lately deceased potentate, to determine his future position. If the illustrious lady gives birth to a princess, he will ascend the vacant throne in his own right, as next-of-kin to a deceased; if, on the other hand, she favours the world with a prince, the Duke will simply remain regent till the high-born infant has attained his majority. Under these circumstances two parties have arisen at the court: one devoted to the Duke, the other headed by the sister of the Duchess, who hopes to derive a great access of power from the birth of a nephew, and, moreover, is passionately fond of intrigue for its own sake. The principal personages in the tale are all more or less agents in the work of courtly faction; and the business of small diplomacy is carried on in a most graceful and amusing manner, till the difficulty is solved by the birth of a prince, who dies immediately, leaving an indisputable throne to the regent, who gallantly marries the fair chief of the adverse faction. This dry outline may not look very promising, but we can assure our readers that the *Kammerherr Oberjägermeister*, Adjutant, and Kammerdiener, by whom the action is carried on, make up a most agreeable party of intriguers, and are moreover of a kind so totally diverse from any to which the British public has been accustomed, that we should by no means wonder if some English translators laid violent hands upon them, and forced them into our vernacular. The title of the book, which in some places may be more conveniently rendered "*the happy*,"—in others, "*the lucky moment*," refers to the doctrine inculcated throughout, that every man has a certain moment of good fortune presented to him once in the course of his life, but that whether or not he will grasp it, depends in a great measure on his own wit. This doctrine diffuses a pleasant mysticism over an exceedingly worldly story; and the best of the joke is, that its chief propagandist is one of the least lucky personages of the tale.

The Prisoner of the Border: a Tale of 1838. By Hamilton Myers. (New York, Derby & Jackson.)—This tale has the merit of turning up fresh ground of interest to the English reader. It is the story of a young American involved in the disturbances of Canada in the year 1838; difficulties which made little impression on the mass of people in England, but which afford good materials for many romances of private history. The hero is an innocent man placed in danger by his own generosity. The book is written from a purely American point of view; but the story is spirited and interesting, though some of the scenes are too long drawn out.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Letters of a Betrothed. (Longman & Co.)—Who reads love letters? Who does not read them? is our answer—whether they take the form of communications from the lady of quality on the first floor to the Pole in the parlour, dragged out by *Thémis* when lady and Pole quarrel—whether they be translated sonnet-wise from the Portuguese, in which they were not originally written. Thus, be these "*Letters of a Betrothed*" as real as those which figured last week in the trial of *Miss Anastasia v. Humbugaki*—be they as fictitious as that diary of an *Ennuyée*, winding up with her death and burial (whose diarist has since written her score of volumes)—every one will read them. The story of a long engagement is told as only a true and tender woman could tell it—earnestly, gracefully, without namby-pamby, without nonsense. There is just enough incident to keep the current from sickness or stagnation without

disturbing its flow: here a passing glimpse of an incessant family torment, one Cousin Kitty, who "transpires" at every juncture when her presence is least desirable—there, lively though slight sketches of Parisian society. The brother of "the betrothed," too, who stands in the place of guardian and protector to her, shines throughout the correspondence with a placid and gentle light, which tints it (to continue our figure) very agreeably.—A pleasant single volume we have not of late taken in hand—universal in its interest, save to the few who are so stiffened up in single obstinacy as to hate the very name of love-making:—fresh in its manner, and elegant in its execution.

On the Right Use of the Early Fathers: Two Series of Lectures delivered in the University of Cambridge. By Rev. J. J. Blunt, B.D. (Murray.)—Those who enjoyed the privilege of attending Professor Blunt's lectures, will be glad to have this permanent record of two courses. The late Margaret Professor was a man of mark in his University—a true Johnian in strength of mind and plodding industry. Force was the characteristic of all that he did. His "*History of the Reformation*" can hardly be surpassed for condensed energy of thought and power of expression. Apart, therefore, from the interest which this volume must possess for many, as a memorial of college days, it has intrinsic merits which entitle it to a wider and more lasting esteem. The subject discussed is one which was peculiarly important at the time the lectures were delivered, and can never cease to engage the attention of many, particularly those who are by profession concerned with theological pursuits. But for this very reason the work must be only briefly considered in these columns. We confess to a feeling of some disappointment, caused partly by the wording of the title. From that we naturally expected to meet with useful directions as to the best method of studying the Fathers with advantage, and cautions against errors into which young students are likely to fall. But our readers will be surprised to hear that the main object of the lectures throughout, is rather to recommend the study of the Fathers, than to afford any guidance; the first course being occupied with a discussion of the objections urged against the study, and the second with an enumeration of the advantages to be derived from it. Perhaps something may be learnt as to the right use of the Fathers, from the instances here given of Professor Blunt's mode of dealing with them; but we are not sure that, in such a case as this, example is better than precept. At any rate, we are quite sure the title and the substance of the book are not well matched. The use here made of the Fathers consists principally in eliciting from them arguments in support of the lecturer's creed, and against others. People of his persuasion will naturally think this the right use, and *vice versa*.

Lives of Good Servants. By the Author of "*Mary Powell*." (Routledge & Co.)—The Author of "*Mary Powell*" has here compiled a very nice little book for a present to servants. Some of the records are interesting; and by showing the great influence that servants have it in their power to exercise for bad or for good in the family in which they live, may tend to raise the tone of character in domestic servants, and to foster a sense of self-respect, much more likely to lead to good results than the stupid and false humility which, when they are in a perverse temper makes them put in the plea of being "only a poor servant." We have often wished that a few angels would take bodily shape as "servants of all work," to show us how divine a thing a maid-of-all-work might make out of her drudgery. The situation affords scope for canonization, if the maidens would do their work in the spirit that can transform "the meanest chares" into loyal service, done as in the presence of "the great Taskmaster's eye."

Harry Fortesque; or, the Grave in India: a Story founded on Facts. By the Author of "*The Soldier's Home*." (Griffith & Farran.)—At first we shrank from the task of opening "*The Grave in India*," in the fear of beholding the face of some near friend; but when our courage rose, and we opened the "*Grave*," instead of seeing a "warrior taking his rest," we looked through 250 pages of fog and vapour. Are the good people in real life

anything like the good people in books? We sincerely hope they are not so stupid. The "*Grave*" contains superabundance of scriptural extract and tag-rag, but very little of anything else. We advise nobody to open it.

Parables from Nature. Second Series. By Mrs. Alfred Gatty. (Bell & Daldy.)—Parables are not for every weak hand to touch, and there are probably more failures in this line than even in epic. Mrs. Gatty cannot be charged with success. Her "*Parables from Nature*" consist of "*The Circle of Blessing*," "*The Law of the Wood*," "*Active and Passive*," "*Daily Bread*," "*Not Lost, but Gone Before*," and "*Motes in the Sunbeam*." But the substance is naught; and the style is too grandiloquent for small people. Larger ones may bestow their patience more profitably elsewhere.

Celtic Gleanings; or, Notices of the History and Literature of the Scottish Gael. In Four Lectures. By the Rev. Thomas M'Lauchlan. (Edinburgh, M'Lauchlan & Stewart.)—These lectures were delivered a few months ago in Edinburgh, for the purpose of awakening an interest in Celtic history and literature. Whether they will have that effect appears to us (to adopt a word which is a favourite with the author) to be at least a matter of *dubium*. The lecturer is a Scottish Celt, and an exceedingly warm one—so warm, that he is within a few degrees of the temperature of the Irish Celt. He has been much annoyed by the self-laudation of the Anglo-Saxons, which we admit has been somewhat tiresome of late years. He gives very bitter words to his Southern neighbours, and is especially severe upon our old friends, Hengist and Horsa, who, he seems to think, were no better than General Walker and his "*Filipusters*." And "who are these Anglo-Saxons, and whence came they? The fact is, nobody knows"—and a very few care to know. They may be a mere accident, like roast pig, according to Charles Lamb's narrative. They certainly do strange things, and commit great blunders; but they have somehow spread over a great part of the world, and established an ascendancy in many places, and are apt to brag of these things. This Celtic writer boasts that he belongs to the only nation that successfully contended with ancient Rome. Which is the more reasonable boast? Some of the author's arguments are sufficiently curious,—for instance, he thinks that the fact that the kilt was never known in Ireland, affords a strong presumption against the theory that the Scottish Highlanders were originally but an Irish colony:—"The kilt, so like the Roman toga, is a Scottish, not an Irish form of attire. How did the Scottish Highlander fall on this form of dress? It is not likely that the Irish Celt, coming to a colder climate than his own, would exchange the ordinary trousers, or *their predecessors*, in ancient times for a dress so manifestly cool as the Scottish kilt." The earliest Scottish emigration is laid, we think, about the middle of the third century. We are by no means sure what the predecessors referred to were like, or whether, indeed, in that age, the Adam and Eve of Irish trousers had been created. Again, in the time of Henry the Eighth, Highlanders were called Red-shanks. "How the colour of their shanks could have been so red, or, if red, could have been known unless they wore the kilt, it is not easy to imagine." This fact is "confirmation strong" to the author's mind,—to us the lapse of a few centuries between the arrival of the Irish colony and the reign of Mr. Froude's favourite, appears to take away the weight (if any) which this fact might otherwise have had. There are other strange things, to which we have not space to advert,—but as we have observed upon the author's anti-English prejudices, it is but just to add, that, with great candour, he in one place speaks of Dr. Johnson as a man "passably honest." The remarks upon Highland names and literature will repay the perusal of those who interest themselves in these matters. The treatment of the subject is, however, not such as to attract readers.

The Rival Kings; or, Overbearing. By the Author of "*Sidney Grey*," &c. (Kent & Co.)—This is one of the best tales for young people we have read for some time. The story is very interesting, and the children are drawn from the life;

the moral is not obtruded, but distils so naturally that young readers will receive it into their hearts almost unconsciously. The tendency is excellent; it is written with much spirit, and in a pleasant, genial humour. We can recommend it as a Christmas gift.

The Youth's Companion. Edited by William Chambers. (Chambers.)—A very useful work, admirably adapted as a gift book to youths leaving school, to enter on the duties of life. There is a great mass of useful information and prudent counsel in a portable compass.

The Popular Lecturer; Dedicated, by permission, to Lord Stanley, M.P. Edited by Mr. Henry Pitman. Vol. II. (Manchester, Heywood.)—Mr. Pitman has selected, from the products of the lecturing season of 1887, some thirty lectures of various merit. The principal are, Mr. Napier's, 'On Knowledge and the Working Classes'; Mr. Bayley's, 'On the Labour of Life'; and Lord Brougham's, 'On Learning and Working.' The Editor includes two or three of his own addresses 'On Phonography,' which we learn was an attractive topic in a lecture-hall. Upon the whole his volume is well worth its price, and represents a good idea, though upon what principle its contents are classified, we find it difficult to conceive. Possibly the lectures are printed as they were delivered, in order of time. We would suggest that the task of revision should be more carefully carried out, especially in such papers as that on the newspaper press. It does not appear at what date the Young Men's Club at Preston was favoured with Mr. Merriam's statistics; but we think he would discover, upon inquiry, that he made use of somewhat obsolete materials, particularly in reference to the cheaper class of newspapers.

Diagrams Illustrative of the Area, or Extent, Population, &c., of India. By Thomas Thorburn, Statist. (Thorburn.)—This very useful collection of Diagrams is based on a statistical return ordered to be printed, on the motion of Colonel Sykes, by the House of Commons, on the 28th of July, 1857. The Diagrams show pictorially, by area, the comparative size and population of the Indian Presidencies, and of the Native States and English Collectories included under them. Similarly the increase of exports and imports from this country and in Hindustan, and the rise of tonnage of the ships engaged in the commerce between the two countries, is depicted by waving lines. Thus at a glance a correct idea is formed of these matters infinitely more vivid than that conveyed by arithmetical figures. We commend the volume to the attentive consideration of Annexationists, who may glean from it some valuable truths as to the advisability of enlarging territories already so vast.

Several volumes of a religious character lie on our table, generally designed for private study. The Rev. Harvey Goodwin's *Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew* is peculiar in containing no references or quotations in any foreign language, dead or living.—Mr. William Ellis, in *A Layman's Contribution to the Knowledge and Practice of Religion in Common Life*, presents the substance of a course of conversational lessons introductory to the study of moral philosophy. In *Christian Errors and Arguments*, a volume composed of seven dialogues, a summary of arguments is set forth suggested by the Burnett Treatises, the Evangelical Alliance Prize Essay, and other apologetical publications.—As a volume intended to meet a special local demand, *Sermons preached at St. Mary's Church, Chester*, by the late Rev. W. H. Massie, are produced with a preface by Mr. R. Massie.—We have a large variety of pamphlets on kindred topics:—*On Eucharistic Adoration*, by the Rev. W. Keble, M.A.;—*Christian Freedom in the Council of Jerusalem*, by Rowland Williams, D.D.;—*The Joys of Heaven, and the Nuptials there*, from the writings of Swedenborg;—and *An Essay showing that the Imagination is the Soul*.—The Rev. R. R. Hutton prints *An Address to Penitents*,—the Bishop of Lincoln two sermons, entitled *The Guidance of the Eye*, and *The Lord set before us*;—and Archdeacon Denison *The Public Sin of the Divorce Act*, a sermon preached at Wells. —*The English Episcopate*, by the Rev. M. E. C.

Walcott, appears to be the commencement of a biographical series relating to the Bishops of London "from the earliest period to the present time." The Bishop of Oxford's *Charge*, delivered last month, forms a tolerably solid pamphlet.—"Two Graduates," whose names do not appear, issue a personal impeachment.—*Dr. Davidson: his Heresies, Contradictions, and Plagiarisms*.—Our list concludes at present with *Notes on the Gospel of St. John*, as Translated by Five Clergymen, by the Rev. T. Wade;—*Presbyterian Liturgies, with Specimens of Forms of Prayer for Public Worship*, edited by a Minister of the Church of Scotland,—*The Conflict*, by J. Bidden;—and *Two Hymns*, by the Rev. C. Adams.

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gown with a head-gear that at the best looks like a red night-cap, whilst the white pen has provokingly the appearance of a clay pipe at first sight. The picture is strikingly illustrative, but not a pleasing one. How different the next, — Nathaniel Dance's portrait of Murphy, the dramatist. This good-natured Irishman, clothed in tight, dark red garb, with wig to match, of the early days of George the Third, is a spirited performance, and may be considered one of the most successful renderings of natural character hitherto obtained for the collection. This picture came from one of the Thrale family, at Streatham. The mild but discerning features of Horne Tooke are well portrayed by Hardy. It will afford especial interest to all who delight in 'The Diversions of Purley.' This picture was engraved by Anker Smith, but the earnestness of the expression was not completely rendered.

Dr. Mead, the distinguished physician, and especial favourite of the Queen of George the Second, stands here in a firm attitude, with hand on table and papers; a three-quarter picture by Allan Ramsay, son of the author of 'The Gentle Shepherd,' moderate as a picture, but of authenticity sufficiently satisfactory. The best portrait of this eminent man is a full-length by the same artist in the Foundling Hospital. The statesman Harley, first Earl of Oxford, painted by Kneller, and obtained from the Hon. Miss Harley, a descendant of the Earl, is a characteristic specimen of the hard and somewhat mechanical manipulation of the day. The features, however, accord thoroughly with other known authentic portraits of this nobleman. The pale and delicate features of Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, are faithfully portrayed by Highmore, who was an artist of considerable eminence in his time, and distinguished also as a writer both on painting and perspective. His pictures from Richardson's 'Pamela' are occasionally to be met with.

A bold, picturesque, three-quarter length of the Earl of Cadogan is a characteristic French specimen of Laguerre. Many of this painter's works are at Hampton Court; his sculptural style is there seen in the medallions of the Labours of Hercules, his ornamental in various ceilings and staircase decorations. Sir Godfrey Kneller himself employed him to paint his residence at Witton, so that we find even in these works of professed portraiture an incidental illustration of the history of Art.

A spirited performance of the same double interest is to be seen in the portrait of Richard Cumberland, the dramatic writer, by Romney: the head is admirable; the attitude theatrical and constrained; but being unfinished in some of the subordinate parts, the picture affords a valuable clue to the artist's system of manipulation. It has also additional interest from having formerly been in the possession of the Cumberland family.

Two very important pictures of eminent statesmen, presented by their respective descendants, claim especial attention; both were painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and both were represented in their coronation robes. Lord Torrington, a large full-length portrait, with shipping in the distance, is a really effective piece of painting. The first Lord Stanhope, a three-quarter portrait, holding his coronet, is also a clear and bold piece of colouring, and of this class one of the best to be seen of Kneller's hand.

The only female portrait which as yet graces the collection is La Belle Hamilton, afterwards Comtesse de Grammont, from Strawberry Hill, by Eckhardt, a favourite painter, and much employed by Horace Walpole. This picture is mentioned in his 'Description of Strawberry Hill,' as a copy from Lely, and greatly resembles that master's fine picture at Hampton Court Palace, where she is represented as St. Catherine. Elizabeth Hamilton narrowly escaped being left behind when Grammont was suddenly called away to France. The lady's brothers pursued him to the coast, and entering his chamber, said "Monsieur, have you forgot nothing?"—"Pardon, gentlemen!" was his reply, "I forgot to marry your sister!" He returned immediately, and La Belle Hamilton became Comtesse de Grammont.

A heavy-featured portrait of Huskisson, whose

melancholy death in 1830 is more immediately remembered than his eminent political qualifications, affords a full example of the position Art is liable to hold in collections of this nature. A worse performance, artistically speaking, can hardly be imagined than this of Rothwell; still the likeness is attested, and portraits of Huskisson are extremely rare; all others that are known of him may be regarded as unattainable. Art, however, is at meridian in the next, a large unfinished portrait of Wilberforce, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The head is finished completely in his best style, the coat and arms vigorously sketched in with chalk upon the dark brown canvas, sufficiently at least to show how the painter intended to treat the subject. It indicates the champion of anti-slavery seated naturally with one elbow leaning on the arm of the chair, an eye-glass in hand, his left hand hanging over the other side of the chair. Benevolence as well as firmness is clearly traceable in the face, and the whole conception contrasts wonderfully with that painful and degrading exhibition inscribed with his name in Westminster Abbey. This picture was generously bequeathed by the late Sir Harry Inglis, and may be regarded as one of the most important acquisitions of modern Art formed by the nation.

The portrait of a distinguished Royal Academician also marks the commencement of, we trust, a long line of illustrious painters. A capital portrait of Thomas Stothard, by James Green, will command attention from the truthful rendering of the venerable and dignified countenance. It formerly belonged to Rogers, the poet, and has been liberally presented to the nation by J. H. Anderson, Esq., the well-known connoisseur and collector of works of Art.

An almost profile view of a small-featured, French-looking personage, very pale and quizzical, is a bust-portrait of Spencer Perceval. This foreign-looking picture, by Joseph, was also bequeathed by Sir Robert Inglis, together with a small full-length water-colour drawing by Richmond, representing Lord Sidmouth, known especially as Speaker Addington. In this, although an early work of our portrait-painter, we see evidence of all those peculiar powers of expressing individual character which belong to his most mature period.

The clergy are represented by Archbishop Wake and Bishop Warburton, the former a large three-quarter sitting portrait from the Wake family in Northamptonshire, and displays a very peculiar countenance, interesting, at least, to those who are acquainted with his writings in reply to Bossuet, as author of 'The Church of England and its Convocations,' and the designer of a union between the English and Gallican Churches. The painter is supposed to be T. Gibson,—but, as far as artistic considerations extend, little need be done to rescue it from well-merited oblivion. Bishop Warburton, whose mild countenance scarcely corresponds with the expression in the engraving which was published of him, or the known character of the author of 'The Divine Legation of Moses,' closes the series for the present.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Naples, Dec. 20, 1857.

EARTHQUAKE has been knocking at our doors—ringing our very bells. We have almost seen his vast proportions, and as a mastiff would take a smaller animal and shake his very life out, so Earthquake seems to have dealt with us this week. Since Wednesday last, not a day has passed without one or even more shocks, and the public mind is in such a state of terror, that the slightest vibration makes people turn pale and shout out in the streets, "Terremoto." I do not exaggerate the case in the least, nor could fear be excessive after the painful tale which I shall have to relate. There had been a slight shock of an earthquake on December 7th, which had the effect of throwing down the cone of Vesuvius. Another phenomenon to be observed is the extraordinary fine weather which has prevailed for two or three months, resembling rather what we are accustomed to have in the summer than at this season. Well, I was

writing on Wednesday night at 10-10 P.M., when my table seemed to be grasped by a powerful hand and dragged violently backwards and forwards. Lamps danced, pictures knocked against the walls. The timbers of my rooms creaked like a ship labouring in a heavy sea, and the very walls moved perceptibly. "It is an earthquake," I shouted, and rushed to the door, when the bell rang violently, as though one were in a hurry for admission. Outside my apartment, which is on the fourth story, were grouped many persons, some of whom had sprung out of their beds and were in night-dresses. Terror seemed to have overcome them, and whilst some were screaming or invoking the Saints, others were leaning in a fainting state against the walls. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed since the shock which sent us flying, when the "replica" came, that is, the repetition, which, in volcanic countries, is always waited for with such intense anxiety, and it came upon us with the strength of a giant. The stones were shaken from the roof, and all the other signs I have described were renewed with increased violence. But there were two facts which struck me more powerfully than any others: one was that my bell rang for nearly a minute continuously, and it was awful to watch this evidence of a communication with the spirit world. The other fact was, that those who were nearly fainting and were leaning against the wall, rocked backwards and forwards as in a cradle, without the power of resistance. In a minute we were in the street. Vesuvius, which is always considered to be the great safety-valve, was looking very sulky and venomous,—nothing appeared but a lambent flame on the top of the mountain, as though its energies were directed elsewhere. All Naples was, however, lighted up with an unusual glare; and I set out on my travels through the streets. Crowds were rushing into all the open squares, in every description of toilette, and some without any at all. There were many in their night-dresses,—many with a sheet over their shoulders,—many in full dress, as they had escaped from a drawing-room. On one spot, near the Villa, a mattress was laid, and young children were sleeping on it. The squares were full of carriages, occupied by persons whose fears would not permit them to remain at home. The horses were taken out, and all was made snug for the night. Those who could not afford themselves such a luxury were walking up and down; and the lower classes were grouped around great wood fires, which were burning everywhere, at intervals of fifty yards. Under ordinary circumstances, a painter would have exulted in the studies presented to him; as it was, all were agitated by one sentiment alone,—that of profound anxiety and apprehension. Such were the scenes which I witnessed on the Riviera di Chiuga, the most fashionable quarter of the town. In the centre of the city there were varieties. There, all the squares were full of carriages; but there were stronger proofs of a panic, and of those passions which always follow a panic. The poor people were rushing down the narrow lanes into the more open thoroughfares, screaming and calling on the Madonna and the Saints to protect them. The churches were very wisely closed, but the entrances were crowded with people on their knees invoking protection,—indeed, the feeling became so strong, that in some quarters the priests were compelled to yield to it, and the images of St. Ann and of St. Antonio and others were carried in procession, followed by crowds of devotees singing litanies. It was an impressive spectacle; and, connected with a sense of the fearful position in which we were, softened every heart. Then came the darker side of the picture, and a side which is always to be found in those cases. The very bonds of society began to be weakened,—crowds of persons began to show a desire to plunder and to break the peace. The houses, having been abandoned by their inhabitants, the thieves took advantage of it, and uttering republican cries, tried to create a disorder which might turn to their profit. The authorities had, however, very prudently sent strong patrols through the city, and on some of the guards threatening to fire, tranquillity was

restored. And so we passed the night of the 16th inst. At 3 and 5 o'clock, however, after midnight, two other shocks were repeated, and the panic was increased. As daylight came it was evident that comparatively little damage had been done. A staircase here and there had fallen; very many houses had fissures opened in them, but no house had fallen, and no life had been lost. The Director of the Royal Astronomical Observatory reported that the base of the tower in which is fixed the equatorial machinery was cracked, and that two pendulum clocks in the direction of the shock, which was from S. to N., had stopped. A pendulum clock on my own table, standing from E. to W., and which had stopped for ten days, was set in motion. Naples had had a great escape. The first shock lasted five seconds, the second shock lasted twenty-five seconds. Had it continued a few seconds more, everything must have been thrown so far out of the perpendicular that general ruin must have followed.

But the provinces, what of them?—All the provincials were in a state of the greatest alarm, and the Telegraph Office was so besieged on the morning of the 17th that a sentinel was placed before it. In the evening the official journal announced that though many inquiries had been made by the electric telegraph at Salerno, no answers had been received from Sala, Lagonegro, or the Calabrias. The cause of the interruption of the communication was unknown. In Campagna a house had fallen; in Castellamare some staircases gave way; in Sorrento, too, damage of the same kind was sustained, and in Capri a portion of the mountain had fallen. During the following night again a considerable number of persons slept in the open air, and the same scenes were to be witnessed as during the preceding night. One or two slight shocks of earthquake occurred, but the alarm was not great. The Journal of the 18th reported that the telegraphic communication between Elcoli and Sala had been broken; but that through other channels it was known that three persons had been killed in the latter place, and that the prison and the barracks had received considerable damage; that in Potenza half the houses had given way; in Padua a hundred, and how many were killed was unknown; in Polla the disasters were immense; in Auletta, Petrosa, and Caggiano, many houses ruined, and many persons killed; in Salerno many houses were opened, amongst which two churches, the palace of the Préfet, and the barracks of the gendarmerie, had suffered the most; the belfry and the church of Saldina, close to Salerno, had given way, and two women had been killed. Potenza, however, the capital of the Basilicata, had suffered the most, though to what extent was unknown. At Bari the people had been much alarmed, and had spent the night in the open air. In Ricigliano ten houses had fallen, two persons had been killed, whilst five or six had been dug out of the ruins. On Saturday morning two other shocks were felt in Salerno, and one in Naples. In the course of the 19th more accurate news came from Potenza, a city of 14,000 or 15,000 inhabitants, where not a house remained in a habitable state. The Palace of the Préfet, the Courts of Justice, the Military and Civil Hospital, the Barracks of the Gendarmerie, and of the Company of Reserve, the College of Jesuits, the churches, and especially the cathedral, the telegraphic instruments, all are rendered perfectly useless, nor can any one without danger cross his threshold. Many victims had been disinterred, but the real number was unknown. Tito (a suburb of Potenza possessing nearly 10,000 souls) Marsiconuovo, Haut-cuzana, and Brienza are almost entirely destroyed; two-thirds of Vignola have perished. The ruin in Viggiano, Calvello, Anzi and Abriola is awful; and yet more so the alarm and desolation of the inhabitants. "The pen," says the writers of this report in the official Journal, "falls in terror from our hand." Such reports as these by no means tended to tranquilize the public mind in Naples, where but one thought occupied all persons. At 5 and half-past 6 o'clock, P.M., on the 19th, we felt two other shocks, and immediately some neighbours rushed into our apartment to inform us of it. Had there been any doubt of it, we might have

learnt the truth by putting our heads out of window and listening to the cries of "The Earthquake! the Earthquake!" Again the people rushed into the streets, and carriages were again stationed for the night in the open squares. The people bivouacked around their fires—the images of Saints were lighted, and every precaution was taken that fear or superstition could suggest.

At midnight another slight shock was felt, and on Sunday, the 20th, at 10 o'clock in the morning, we felt our tables heaving again beneath us. Indeed, the earth seems to be as nervous as ourselves, and for some days we may expect a renewal of these awful intimations of danger. The last I felt yesterday evening, and to slight shocks we are becoming almost indifferent. I conclude my letter with the latest reports which have been received of this awful disaster, the greatest violence of which was confined to the provinces of Principato Citeriore and Basilicata. Up to the 18th, nineteen bodies had been dug out in Potenza, and the work was still going on. In Polla, 300 had been dug out. A corporal of gendarmes had been dug out alive, as also the Judge of Saponara, though crushed and maimed, and lamenting the loss of his wife and two children. Lagonegro felt three shocks, on the night of the 16th, in the course of seven hours, and every house, public as well as private, was opened. Three of them are falling, amongst which are the Church of the Capuchins and the Electric Station. The shocks continued there up to yesterday, and the whole population were in temporary barracks. In the commune of Carbone twenty-one were killed and nineteen wounded. Castelsano was levelled nearly with the ground, and 400 persons killed. A similar disaster befell Sarconi, where thirty persons had perished. In Chiria Rapalo equal damage was inflicted on the houses, and four persons perished. Naratra was partly destroyed. There are other communes of Lagonegro, such as Maratea, Lauria, Castelluccia, Rotonda, Vignanello, Sant' Arcangelo Calvera, San Martino, Castronuovo and Senise, where most of the houses and especially the churches have suffered; and from which no returns of the dead have as yet been made. Thus, besides the ruin to life and property, thousands have been thrown into a state of desolation and want—are encamped, at the approach of winter, in the open country, and are dependent on the succour of government for almost the means of existence. We hope that we may now lay aside our fears, though we dare not say so, for slight shocks are still felt. The contrasts of feeling, always observable in public calamities, have been strongly marked here by the attempts at violence and theft,—by the eagerness with which the multitude wished "to play on the earthquake" in the lottery of last Saturday,—and by the superstitious reverence with which the announcement was received, that the blood of St. Januarius had boiled on Sunday or Monday, and by the readiness with which it was followed in procession.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

WE merrie English seem to have lost the graceful secrets of the masque and revel. Spirit of Jonson—shade of Milton! Can it be true that the soil which yielded 'Comus' and the 'Masque of Queens' will not yield us ode, or masque, or epithalamium, when England gives her daughter to Prussia to become its Queen? Are the Muses dead,—are grace and sportiveness and gaiety all banished this merrie isle? If not, why select 'Macbeth' for the opening of the revels? Here is an event to rouse the holy raptures of the bard,—to touch with quickening fire the fingers of the musician! The popular heart is stirred,—the popular conscience satisfied. By this royal marriage two branches of the great Teutonic race will be drawn still nearer,—two voices in the same religious protest will be strengthened. An event of such tender ecstasy to many—of such exulting joy to millions—should surely find some fitting celebration of its own! Is not this an opportunity in which the talent and the fantasy of the Poet Laureate might have legitimately found play, or at least have made something new which could have been played or

sung? Think of the Masques for occasions similar, yet less popular, which Ben Jonson wrote to live among the most exquisite pageant-verse in any literature!—Think of Molière's 'Princesse d'Elide,' and 'Les Amants Magnifiques,' both occasional pieces, "commanded" (as the phrase goes), which keep a place of their own among their author's works!—It is to such festivals as a Royal marriage that we have a right to look for those commissions for which a duller time and more mercenary managements are unfit. The author of 'The Princess' might not, peradventure, have produced a second 'Comus,' and our Princess Royal has no Handel (as had Queen Caroline's daughter) at her elbow to improvise music, of its kind as deathless as Milton's verse. Nothing could be more indispensable in any English theatrical revel than that Queen Elizabeth's Shakespeare should open the ball. But even if it were, why open it with tragedy? Could not a better selection be yet made? Shakespeare—if the ball must open with Shakespeare—wrote a drama, including a royal marriage—a drama which the greatest Prussian composer that ever lived garnished with the most delicious dramatic music in being—a drama on which any amount of decoration might have been lavished, and eye, and ear, and heart, and poetical sense have been at once satisfied. When Court and people are to celebrate with rejoicings the marriage of England's daughter to the son of Prussia, why not have performed Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' with Mendelssohn's music?

We hear that the Mayor of Birmingham has joined the Mayor of Manchester in a memorial to Government in favour of a national purchase of the Soulaques Collection, and, like the rest of our literary brethren, we are desired (with Mr. So-and-So's compliments) to say that such is the will of the public. But as we are not aware of any pronouncement on the subject which can pretend to express public opinion, we refrain from urging Lord Palmerston and Sir G. C. Lewis to go beyond what seems to them for the common interest. The multitude, we regret to say, are indifferent, and connoisseurs are divided in opinion. We ourselves should prefer to see the Soulaques Collection kept intact; but its merits are certainly not of that pre-eminent kind which dispense in virtue of merit with the whole question of cost. The Chancellor of the Exchequer may decide to purchase or decline, without much fear of an imaginary pressure from without.

The announcement of new periodicals, which we make on the opening of a new year as a matter of literary intelligence, includes this year *The Month*, a magazine published in Sydney, curious in its facts, and creditable on the whole to colonial enterprise,—*The Atlantic Monthly*, published in Boston; an attempt to engage choice spirits on both sides of the great waters in friendly co-operation,—*The Oxford Critic*, a review of letters, politics, and society from the college quadrangle,—*The Floral World and Garden Guide*,—*The Quarterly Journal of Dental Science*,—*The Brighton Quarterly Magazine*,—*Ophthalmic Hospital Reports*,—*The Nelson Grammar-School Magazine*,—*The Pick and Gad*; a *Monthly Record of Mining*, one of those class journals that will be certain to interest a public of its own,—*The Irish Metropolitan Magazine*, general in features like the best of the old magazines,—*The Celt*, a paper with the motto "Irish, Celtic, Catholic, and Progressive,"—and *The Midland Quarterly Journal of the Medical Sciences*.

Through the kindness of a friend, we are able to give the latest information as to Madame Ida Pfeiffer's visit to Madagascar and its sudden close. Madame Pfeiffer left Mauritius for Madagascar with every prospect of a pleasant and instructive visit, in company with M. Lambert, a gentleman well acquainted with the island of Madagascar, and in high favour with Queen Ranavalona. They arrived at Tananarive, the central district of the island, and the locality of the royal residence. They were, at first, received with every mark of kindness and favour; but unfortunately the mind of that capricious lady Ranavalona became possessed of the idea that they had some notion of

endeavouring to procure her dethronement, and of placing one of the sons of Radama, the late king of the Ovahs, in possession of the throne. Her kindness at once changed; and she ordered the immediate expulsion of M. Lambert and Madame Pfeiffer, with severe threats if they dared to remain on the island. This is not the first time this queen has behaved in a similar manner to French and English. After great difficulty, Madame Pfeiffer reached the sea-coast, and embarked again for Mauritius. She had caught the terrible Madagascar fever, and was seriously ill after her arrival at Port Louis. Thanks to the climate of that island, and to the kindness of her friends at Vacca, she was quite convalescent at the departure of the last overland mail on the 14th of November. Madame Pfeiffer was then meditating a voyage to Australia. It is unfortunate that her voyage to Madagascar was not more successful; but her memoir will be expected with interest.

Richard Furness, one of our provincial poets, author of the 'Rag Bag' and 'Medicus Magnus,' died the other day at Dore, near Sheffield, in his sixty-sixth year. — Manchester papers report the death of Archibald Prentice, a gentleman long and usefully connected with the press of that city. This note, besides fulfilling its special purpose, will inform those friends who have applied to us for information how they can most properly address their inquiries:—

"17, Egremont Place, Brighton, Dec. 26th, 1857.
"Your Correspondent 'A. J.' in her interesting paper on 'Girls' Schools,' which was contained in the *Athenæum* of the 19th inst., says, that the Ladies' Association for the Diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge 'is probably one of the first results of Mrs. Austen's excellent and sensible letters on Girls' Schools and the Training of Working Women.' In reference to this, I beg to state that the idea of our Association was conceived several years before Mrs. Austen's letters were published; it originated in the mind of a medical gentleman who has, after several years' efforts, at last succeeded in stirring up a few ladies to carry it out. I beg also to remark that the Committee of our Association do not wish to confine their operations to London or Brighton, but will be very glad to communicate with, and assist ladies or gentlemen who desire to form Branch Associations in any part of the kingdom. The Committee will also be very grateful for suggestions and information relating to sanitary matters, also for catalogues of English or American sanitary books. I am, &c.,

"SUSAN RUGLEY POWERS, Secretary, Ladies' Association for the Diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge."

In an old folio copy of the 'Arcadia' preserved at Wilton have been found two beautiful and interesting relics—a lock of Queen Elizabeth's hair, and an original poem in the hand of Sir Philip Sydney. The hair was given by the fair hands of the Queen to her young hero. The poet repaid the precious gift in the following lines:—

Her inward worth all outward shew transcends,
Envy her merits with regret commends;
Like sparkling gems her virtues draw the light,
And in her conduct she was always bright,
When she imparts her thoughts her words have force,
And sense and wisdom flow in sweet discourse.

—The date of this exchange of gifts was 1573, when the Queen was forty and the knight twenty-nine. Elizabeth's hair is very fine, soft and silky, with the undulation of water, its colour a fair asburn or golden brown, without a tinge of red, as her detractors assert, but the soft lines are flecked with light, and shine as though powdered with gold dust. In every country under the sun such hair would be pronounced beautiful.

Prof. Agassiz is publishing, at Boston, a work on the Natural History of the United States. The sum of the subscriptions, if we may believe the American journals, amounts already to one and a half million of dollars.

At Toulouse, at the erection of a wall, an earthen urn has been found containing a considerable number of Roman coins from the time of the Emperors. Director Vogel, at Leipzig, (father of Dr. Vogel, the African traveller), has recently received, through the medium of Chevalier Bunsen, a letter from Baron Neimans, dated Alexandria, 20th of No-

vember. From this letter it would appear that Baron Neimans, on his journey, last summer, to Arabia, found an opportunity to speak to several Mecca-pilgrims from the interior of Africa, and to ask them about Dr. Vogel's fate. They all coincided in the assertion that Abdul Wahed (Dr. Vogel) has not been killed, but is kept prisoner by the Sultan of Waday, who, according to their description, is not only a very severe, but also a very covetous and astute man. The assertion of the envoy of the King of Darfur, that Dr. Vogel had been beheaded, by order of the Sultan of Waday, on account of his having ascended the Sacred Mountain of Wara, is the more to be doubted, as the Courts of Darfur and Waday are by no means on friendly terms. Baron Neimans intended to leave for Waday very shortly, and most likely is already on the road. Perhaps he is the first to whom we shall owe the certainty of Dr. Vogel being still alive.

Our modern railways dig up nearly every day a piece of the fallen greatness of the past. So at Andernach, on the Rhine, close to a hill called the "Krahenberg," the construction of the new railroad from Bonn to Coblenze has led to the discovery, not only of another part of the old Roman highways, but also of the subterranean ruins of a Roman edifice which, according to the opinion of Rhinish antiquaries, has been a temple of Mercury, buried, centuries ago, by the tumbling down of the mountain-side. The walls of the building are covered with a red stucco; the floor is a fine mosaic; fragments of several statues (the principal of which is supposed to have represented the God of Commerce), as well as of a *Sella curulis*, covered with a panther-skin, have been found. Besides, two stones with well-preserved inscriptions, and a great number of sacrificial cups, lachrymatories, and silver, bronze, and copper coins—attract the notice of the beholder. The coins are mostly of the reigns of the Emperors Marcus Aurelius, Antoninus, and Alexander Severus; one of them shows the legend of "Germanicus," another that of "Julia Augusta." It is to be hoped that care will be taken of these objects, and that the constructors of the railway will manage, somehow, to spare, as much as possible, the interesting ruin laid open by modern progress.

A Mr. Trenery (author of a work called 'Leila Ada,' described by its writer as a religious biography used for the conversion of the Jews!) has been brought before an Ipswich Court on a charge which illustrates the condition of the religious literary market. Mr. Trenery, it would seem, not content with converting Jews, aspires to convert the aristocracy. He therefore composes 'The Christian Lady; or, Religion in High Life: a Memoir for the Upper Classes'; which biography purports to be a general and authentic life of Miss Augusta Howard, who became Lady C. by marriage, 1853, and died in 1855. The manuscript is sent to a publisher at Ipswich (where, of course, West-End people are best known), accompanied by a letter from the author, offering the copyright for 120l. Mr. Trenery, however, proceeds like an artist. A gentleman, anxious to convert the upper classes, must not appear mercenary. He asks for money, but only that he may "give the profits to her ladyship's poor." The Ipswich publisher thinks he may do a snug business in converting our aristocrats; but with one eye fixed on earth, as well as one fixed on heaven, he offers to purchase the copyright for 50l. Doubts, however, strike him after his money is paid. He is surprised to find a lady in the text called Augustus; but Mr. Trenery quiets him with an assurance "that the sister of the Duke of Cambridge was named Augustus Caroline Charlotte Elizabeth." A stronger ground for doubt occurs. It had been suggested by the plaintiff that a portrait of Lady C., and a vignette of her country house, should be prefixed to the work. Mr. Trenery, exquisitely accommodating, sends him two engraved portraits, one of which has underwritten "The Countess of —," and the other is a portrait of Lady Harriet Hamilton. The former of these was, he said, to be altered in several particulars, as it had been badly copied from the original painting, and the dress was to be made like that of the accompanying

portrait. But the Ipswich publisher recognizes the pretended portrait of Lady C. as one of the beauties of the *Court Album*. He then, for the first time, inquires among the Howards, — but can get no information of a Miss Howard, afterwards Lady C. Hence his appeal to a court of justice. Mr. Trenery asserted in Court that the MS. was "the genuine biography of a real person," whom he knew "pretty well." He would not tell the real names. The husband was not a peer, but the son of a peer. The Court asked Mr. Trenery to write the real name on a piece of paper, and no one else should see it; but this he refused. He stated that he had letters with him from the British Society for the Conversion of the Jews, in commendation of 'Leila Ada.' That book was used to convert the Jews; and he hoped to make the memoirs of Lady C. equally useful to the peerage. The memoir in question he thought was worth 350l., but he would not pay 50l. and take the MS. back, because he preferred to clear his character. The magistrate, exercising his own discretion, condemned Mr. Trenery to pay back the 50l., together with costs.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, NAPLES, POMPEII, and VEUVIEUX, EVERY NIGHT, from Saturday and Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Afternoons at 3.—Places can be secured, at the Box Office, Egyptian Hall, daily, between 11 and 4, without any extra charge.

LUCKNOW and DELHI—GREAT GLOBE, Leicester Square.—DIORAMA of LUCKNOW, and the SIEGE and the CITY of DELHI, its Streets, Palaces, and Fortifications, at 1, 3, and 7 P.M. INDIAN DIORAMA of the Cities of, with Views of Calcutta, Benares, Agra, and the Scenes of the Revolt, at 13 noon; and 6 P.M. THE RUSSIAN DIORAMA at 3 and 5 o'clock. Illustrative Lectures.—Admission to the whole Building, One Shilling.

THE SOMNAMBULE, ADOLPHE DIDIER, gives his MAGNETIC SENSATIONS and CONSULTATIONS for Acute and Chronic Diseases, their Causes and Remedies, and on all subjects of interest. EVERY DAY, from 1 till 4 P.M., Upper Albany Street, Regent's Park. Consultation by Letter.

DR. KAHN'S MUSEUM AND GALLERY OF SCIENCE, 3, Tichborne-street, facing the Haymarket.—PROGRAMME for the CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS:—Günther's Apparatus of the eye constantly in motion—Living Objects in the large Oxy-Hydrogen Microscope—Hundreds of new Anatomical Models of a most interesting character. Lectures by Dr. Kahn, at Three o'clock, on the Physiology of Digestion, and at Eight on the Physiology of Reproduction; and by Dr. Sexton, at a quarter past One, on the Air we Breathe, at Four on the Mysteries of the Human Hair and Beard, and at Nine on the Wonders of Electricity. All the Lectures illustrated by Brilliant Experiments, Dissolving Views of an entirely new character, &c.—Open, for Gentlemen only, from 12 to 5, and from 7 to 10. Illustrated Hand-book, 6d. Programme Gratis. Dr. Kahn's Nine Lectures and a Programme sent post free on the receipt of Twelve stamps.

THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC—CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS are maintained here with an extraordinary number of ENTERTAINMENTS, of a novel, scientific, and amusing character. THE GIANT CHRISTMAS TREE will yield, gratuitously, next Thursday Morning and Evening, the 7th of January, unusual quantities of knives and toys for the boys, and pretty things for the girls. The Forty Dissolving Views, illustrating THE REBELLION IN INDIA, and all the Lectures and Entertainments as usual.—Admission to the whole, 1s. Children under Ten, and Schools half-price.

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

GEOLOGICAL.—Dec. 16.—L. Horner, Esq., in the chair.—C. Wright, Esq., J. W. Woodhall, Esq., and Dr. E. Francfort, were elected Fellows. Dr. H. Abich, of St. Petersburg, was elected a Foreign Member.—The following communications were read:—"On a remarkable Fossil Specimen belonging to the Genus *Neuropteris*, from the Coal-measures of Lancashire, and Remarks on that Genus," by C. J. F. Bunbury, Esq.; "On the Boring through the Chalk at Harwich," by J. Prestwich, Esq.; "On a Granitic Boulder out of the Chalk of Croydon, and on the Extraneous Rock-fragments found in the Chalk," by R. Godwin-Austen, Esq.

NUMISMATIC.—Dec. 17.—W. S. W. Vaux, President, in the chair.—Capt. Murchison was elected a Member of the Society.—Mr. Evans read a paper 'On a curious Foreign Sterling struck in imitation of the Long-cross Pennies of Henry III.,' in which he stated that the work of this piece of money bore a great resemblance to those communicated to the Society some years since by M. Thomsen, the Keeper of the Collections at Copenhagen. The legend on the obverse is 'BERNHARD', and on the reverse HENRI ON VNGE, for Henry on Lund, a well-known moneyer of Henry III. M. Chalon has imagined that coins similar to these were struck at Blomberg, in Alsace; it is, however, much more probable that they were really issued by Bernhard,

Count of Lippe, in Westphalia.—Mr. Evans, also, called attention to another class of imitations, being those of Stephen of England, but bearing the name of WEROY, instead of that of the king.

INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.—Dec. 28.—C. Jellicoe, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—C. B. Clabon, Esq., was elected an Official Associate, and Messrs. Bischoff, D. A. Bumsted, G. A. Carr, J. S. Cudlip, W. P. Hudson, J. Martin, C. E. Mason, W. J. F. Norfolk, E. B. Walker, and H. C. Wilson, were elected Associates.—In the absence of the writer, Mr. H. Williams, Hon. Sec., read a paper, 'On the Value of Life Annuities yielding a given Rate of Interest, the Capital to reproduce the Purchase-money being invested at another Rate,' by C. A. M. Willich, Esq.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon. Entomological, 8.
Tues. Horticultural, 8.—Lecture by Dr. Lindley.
— Royal Institution, 3.—'Static Electricity,' by Prof. Faraday.
Wed. Geological, 8.—'On Pteropoda, a Genus of Fossil Fishes,' by Prof. Huxley.—'On a New Species of Plesiosaurus,' by Prof. Huxley.
Thurs. Royal Society of Literature, 8.
— Zoological, 8.—General.
— Photographic, 8.
— Horticultural, 8.—Lecture by Dr. Lindley.
— Philological, 8.
— Royal, 8.—'On certain Formulae for Differentiation,' by Mr. Cayley.—'On the Isolation of the Radical Mercuric Ethyl,' by Mr. Buckton.—Remarks on the Magnetic Observations transmitted from York Fort, Hudson's Bay, in August, 1857, by Gen. Sabine.
— Royal Institution, 3.—'Static Electricity,' by Prof. Faraday.
Fri. Astronomical, 8.
Sat. Horticultural, 8.—Lecture by Dr. Lindley.
— Royal Institution, 3.—'Static Electricity,' by Prof. Faraday.

FINE ARTS

The Life and Works of that incomparable Animal Painter and Engraver, J. E. Ridinger—[Leben und Wirken, &c.] (Rudolph Weigel.)

Johann Elias Ridinger, painter and engraver, born at Ulm in 1690, was apprenticed, at fourteen years of age, to a painter in his native city, named Resch, under whose tuition he made little progress.—Resch himself, from poverty and want of higher commissions, often descending to house-painting and to the decoration of dwelling-rooms. This state of things answering but little to the aspirations of young Ridinger, he ran away from his master's house, and started for Italy, where he imagined he must meet with all the advantages he so sorely wanted in Ulm; but at the first stage of his journey, worn out and fatigued, he entered a small inn, where the price of the most frugal entertainment having within a few pence exhausted the contents of his pockets, he found himself obliged to return the same night to his father's house.

This escapade led to his removal to Augsburg, where his extraordinary talent in drawing animals attracted the attention of a Count Metternich, who represented the Elector of Brandenburg at that city. The patronage of the Count enabled him to study his favourite subjects at hunting parties, to which he accompanied him; and also to pursue the technical branches of his profession under Seuter, a portrait painter, and Rugendas, well known by his battle-pieces.

He early acquired a reputation for the truth and liveliness of his works. It has been thought that he was originally brought up as a forester, the beauty and fidelity of his forest scenes, and their appropriateness to the game and wild animals introduced, giving rise to the erroneous assumption. To the present day you may come upon his works in many a remote corner of the Teutoburger Wald, the cherished ornaments of the solitary forest home of gamekeeper or wood-reeve.

In 1723 he married the widow of his master and friend the portrait painter, Seuter, of Augsburg. In 1759 he was appointed Director of the Augsburg Academy of Painting; and in 1767 died, in the same town, of apoplexy.

His paintings, generally small, have become rare: during his lifetime six were bought by the Russian Court. In England, we only recollect one,—that in the collection of the Marquis of Westminster. During his latter years he entirely relinquished the pencil for the burin; in fact, his fame rests almost exclusively on his engravings, etchings,

mezzotints, and drawings, which are very numerous, and of which the volume before us is a very careful, though incomplete, catalogue.

The author, the Rev. Herr Thienemann, has taken up the subject as a labour of love,—Ridinger's works having been his earliest hobby; and he has been fortunate enough to find in M. Weigel, of Leipzig, a publisher willing to devote 300 octavo pages of excellent paper and print to what must, after all, be an unsaleable book, for it appeals to no conceivable public,—being simply a list of about 1,300 extant works of Ridinger, minutely described as of certain dimensions, giving the subject of each, with their superscriptions, &c. carefully copied; in fact, it is either a collector's manual or an auctioneer's catalogue; and we at last find its true character in the concluding words of the introduction:—"The publisher is in possession of a large collection of early impressions of the works of this master; and will, in the 28th number of his Art-Catalogue, lay before the lovers of Art a priced list of them." One cannot fail to be amused by the naïve regrets of the excellent Thienemann at the expense to which his publisher is putting himself, or by the solemnity with which he dedicates M. Weigel's advertisement to his ecclesiastical patron, His Serene Highness the Reigning Prince Henry the Sixty-Seventh, of Reuss-Schleiz, Lobenstein, Gera, &c. &c.

The existence of the book once accounted for, it only remains to praise the painstaking fidelity of the author, and the handsome manner in which Mr. Weigel has seconded his labours. The volume contains twelve etchings after Ridinger, from originals in the possession of the publisher, some of which are of great beauty; the two which represent a concert of unmelodious birds, very striking and original, recalling the *diableries* of Callot and Teniers—a congregation of owls, swans, storks, peacocks, and all the noisy rascals of the air are giving voice to their exultation over the dead body of an eagle, their now despised enemy.

We may also call attention to some owls, invading to their own destruction the retreat of a badger, one of a series of fables published by Ridinger, and alluded to by Goethe in his Essay on Casti's 'Animali Parlanti.'

In fact, to all collectors of Ridinger's works, this book may be recommended as an excellent monograph, but it can hardly aspire to a wider circle of readers.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The Committee working in connexion with the Society of Arts for securing a Copyright in Fine Art has been greatly enlarged. It now consists of Jacob Bell, F.L.S., J. Bell, D. Robertson Blaine, F. S. Cary, A. E. Chalon, R.A., A. Claudet, F.R.S., H. Cole, C.B., D. Colnaghi, D. Cox, jun., H. Darvill, C. Wentworth Dilke, G. T. Doo, R.A., W. Dyce, R.A., Sir C. Eastlake, P.R.A., J. Fahey, R. Fenton, W. Flagdale, G. Godwin, F.R.S., L. Haghe, W. Hollowes, S. A. Hart, R.A., J. R. Herbert, R.A., F. Y. Hurst, President of the Society of British Artists, Owen Jones, J. P. Knight, R.A., R. S. Landor, President of the National Institution of Fine Arts, J. Leighton, J. F. Lewis, President of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, J. Linnell, D. Mac-lise, R.A., W. Mulready, R.A., M. Noble, F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., R. Redgrave, R.A., Sir W. C. Ross, R.A., G. Scharf, jun., J. Scott, B. Smith, F. Taylor, W. Tooke, F.R.S., E. M. Ward, R.A., H. Warren, President of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours.—The Committee has met twice and the following resolutions have been passed:—

Resolved,—That the inquiries of this Committee be directed,—1. To ascertain the existing laws of British Artistic Copyright, and the chief defects of those laws. 2. How those defects affect the interests of producers of Works of Art. 3. How they affect the interests of purchasers of Works of Modern Art. 4. How they affect the interests of the public and the promotion of the Fine Arts. 5. How they affect the subjects of those Foreign States with whom Her Majesty has entered into International Copyright Conventions, and the laws of those States as affecting Artistic Copyright. 6. To obtaining instances of fraudulent or wrongful acts relating to Works of Modern Art. 7. And lastly, to suggest such remedies as appear best calculated to amend the defects of our Artistic Copyright laws.

Resolved,—That copies of the Resolution now passed be

distributed to such societies and individuals as may be suggested by the committee, it being understood that, with the exception of No. 6, the various points will be made known, in order to show to what objects the Committee propose to direct their attention, and that as regards No. 4, full and distinct answers will be requested.

—On the motion of the Chair an of the Council, Sir C. Eastlake, P.R.A., J. Lewis, Esq., President of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and D. Robertson Blaine, have been unanimously chosen Chairman, Deputy Chairman, and Reporter of the Committee.

Mr. Macdowell, one of whose statues already adorns Belfast, is about to stop the jealousy of Limerick by ornamenting it with a statue to the memory of Lord Fitzgibbon, late of the 8th regiment, who was killed in the Crimea.

Mr. Hogarth has lately had on view a selection of the best works of the Sketching Society, which are preparing for publication—more facile and clever than thoughtful or original. This pleasant artist club, originally intended for the study of epic and pastoral design, originated with Mr. F. Stevens and the two Chalon, the first meeting being on Twelfth-day, 1808. The first members were Messrs. W. Turner, Sharp, Stevens, Webster, Varley and Chalon. The number of members was at first limited to eight, the president introducing one visitor. They met at each other's houses in rotation, the host being president and choosing the subject. The drawing lasted two hours, and ended pleasantly with a supper. After supper the drawings were put up and criticized, one by one. On Midsummer-day the society dined in the country, generally visiting Hampton Court or Dulwich, or, at least, taking a preliminary walk through a London gallery. In future years Messrs. Bone, Stump, Crisall, Lewis, Stanphoff, Hayward, Robertson, Uwins, Stanfield, Leslie and Partridge were elected members. On two memorable occasions the Queen selected the subjects for the evening—Desire and Elevation,—subsequently did the members the honour of offering to buy a series of sketches by them. This being contrary to a regulation of the club forbidding the sale of sketches, the artists in confederation instantly forwarded a set of drawings to Windsor for her Majesty's acceptance, the subjects being—an 'Imitation of Berghem,' by Sir E. Landseer; 'Curiosity,' by J. Partridge; 'Ophelia,' by C. R. Leslie; 'Desire,' by C. Stanfield; 'The Daughters of Minyas,' by J. Crisall; 'A Scene in Switzerland,' by S. J. Stump; 'Cupid and Psyche,' by T. Uwins; 'Rachel weeping for her Children,' by J. J. Chalon; and 'Love elevated by the Graces,' by A. E. Chalon. There is always a peculiar charm about sketches. They are fresh, bold, vigorous. They even hint at excellence the artist can never attain, and are valuable as showing the power of thought and its various stages of development. This collection will contain portraits of the members, imitations of Louthborough, Turner, Gainsborough, Hobbins, Rembrandt, Vandervele, Brauer, Jan Steen, Callcott and Hogarth, besides three sets of sketches, entitled, 'The Debut,' 'Giving a Lesson,' and 'Flora and Zephyrus.' The frontispiece will be by Mr. A. E. Chalon, R.A., and is called 'A Reception.'

Prince Napoleon has given a piece of Gobelin tapestry—subject, 'Arria presenting the dagger to her husband Pætus, after having stabbed herself'—to the South Kensington Museum. The work was commenced under Louis XVI., completed during the Republic, and received its border in the early days of the first Empire. Napoleon gave it in 1807 to Jerome, King of Westphalia; and Jerome, no longer King of Westphalia, has now given it to his son, who has sent it to England—a very pretty and imperial Christmas-box to the London public.

A Gallery of Art in Change Alley is an event to be recorded, because supply implies demand. It must be refreshing to jaded City men to relieve their eyes, blinded with yellow and white, with the bright spring colours of modern pictures—with Miss Mutrie's fruit, that rival Garcia's, and with Lance's plate, that outshines Savory's. Messrs. Leggett & Hayward's new gallery contains some good pictures: for instance, Mr. Poole's 'Solomon Eagle,' with the pan of chat

on his head, striding past the dreadful doors with the red plague-cross on them; Mr. MacIose's 'Bohemians,' a picture crammed with inventive outlines; Mr. Elmore's 'Death of Robert of Naples'; Mr. Etty's 'Circe and the Syrens'; Norman Interiors by Provis, Cattle by Cooper, Domesticities by Holmsey, Roman Cathedral by Roberts, a Sunrise by Pyne, besides specimens of O'Neil, Goodall, Cobbett, Baxter, and Harding.

An artist remarks on some minor defects in the arrangement of pictures at the National Gallery:—"When last at the National Gallery, I was sorry to see the specimens of upholstery taste there displayed. The background of the pictures is a deep coloured paper, and scattered over this dark ground are numerous lacquered pulleys, and gilded labels, which by their reflecting the light, tell several degrees above the brightest parts of the pictures as bright spots. Thus, the new Veronese has one directly over its centre, and the startled horse of Vandike has no less than three around it. How is it possible for the eye properly to feel a picture with such distracting bright spots around it? If the pulleys had been black, and the labels painted, and placed close to the frames, instead of at a distance from them, they would not thus have interfered with the pictures. Verily the optics of Art are not sufficiently understood."

Countess Julia Egloffstein, the artist and friend of Goethe (to whom some of the finest among his minor poems are addressed), has completed, from recollection, a portrait of the poet, representing him in the moment when, putting off his well-known grey cloak with red velvet, he is about to enter the apartments of the Grand Duke Karl-August, in order to show to him the golden laurel-wreath received from the city of Frankfort. The portrait is spoken of with great praise in the German journals. It has found a place in the Grand Ducal library at Weimar.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—Conductor, Mr. COSTA. FRIDAY NEXT, January 8, Haydn's CREATION. Vocalists: Miss Louisa Vining, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Sully.—Tickets, 3s., 5s. and 10s. 6d., at 6, Exeter Hall.

MUSIC IN ABERDEEN.—The following communication—which, we doubt not, is correctly described by its writer as one among many similar records which could be offered as to musical progress in distant places—speaks for itself:—

"Aberdeen, Dec. 28, 1857.

"If your last twelvemonth's chronicle of musical progress has not brought under notice any new important publication, but shown that music has taken firmer hold on, and received a wider acceptance among our amateurs, I am sure this could be illustrated by provincial records, if they were but collected, to an astonishing degree. Listen to our doings in this out-of-the-way quarter of the world. It is twenty-five years since an oratorio was performed in Aberdeen; for twenty years after that period, choruses, glees or madrigals were practically unknown to the community, save by the warblings of some wandering minstrels who might perchance find their way hither, to be listened to with little appreciation by the mass, who might, and mostly did, attend merely to be seen. Eight or nine years since a small society of working young men began to meet to con over the cheap musical publications at that time beginning to issue from the press. Steadily their numbers and their acquirements increased, and by means of open meetings to their friends, and one or two public performances, a taste for good music began to be formed. This taste speedily rebelled against the infliction which, under the name of music, was and continues to be in too many places perpetrated in the psalmody of the Presbyterian Church. Under the guidance of members of the society, an Association for the Improvement of Church Music was formed, and has conducted operations for some years with marked and encouraging success, instituting branch associations in the various religious bodies and congregations throughout a wide district of country, printing and distributing tracts, sending lecturers and deputations to awaken interest,

upholding classes and teachers of elementary music, and collecting large bodies of singers for practice and performance. A class of nearly 900 met for some months for the practice of chorals suitable for church music; a choir of 200, including amongst them nearly all the professional singers in Aberdeen, gave five performances to audiences of 2,000 and upwards. The public have supported the promoters of the movement, and are now apparently deeply interested in its success. Subscriptions to the amount of 4,500*l.* have been received for the erection of a music-hall of large size; subscriptions for an organ are coming in, and no doubt is entertained of the success of the scheme. Now, there are in Aberdeen alone upwards of ten musical societies for the sole practice of glee, madrigal and choral singing, in which all classes are represented. Concerts are given to the friends of the performers, and the programme herewith sent will enable you to judge of the fare given by these amateurs. Numerous societies also exist in the country parishes around, and as a result the singing in every church has wonderfully improved; indeed, in this matter the north is decidedly ahead of Edinburgh and Glasgow. Results like these speak for themselves, and regarding this quarter at least strikingly corroborate your statement.—It may not be out of place here, as somewhat akin to the subject, to state that though Mr. Lukis, in his recently published account of church bells (which you reviewed lately), omits all mention of our peal, we possess five fine-toned bells, two of which, the Laurence and the Maria, were presented in 1551. The fine tones of all were the admiration of strangers, and attention having been drawn to the desirability of completing the chime, subscriptions were made during last year amounting to upwards of 600*l.*, and the remaining three bells to complete the octave ordered from the Messrs. Warner. The largest, E flat, has been founded, and Mr. Denison reports regarding it, that it is the finest bell of the size he ever heard. Early in 1858 we shall have the bells hung. Arrangements are already making for ringers, and we shall thus soon have, what no other town in Scotland possesses, a regular chime, and unequalled of its kind by only other two or three places.—Yours, &c., X."

OLYMPIC.—With one exception, Burlesque has this year wedded itself to Pantomime, and this union of forces presents the prevailing form of the present Christmas entertainments. That one exception occurs at this theatre, where, on Saturday, Mr. Robert Brough's new burlesque was produced. It is entitled 'The Doge of Duralto; or, the Enchanted Eyes.' The conception and execution both belong to the poet; for the story is his own creation, and the incidents are invented by himself. He has gone to no repertory of fairy tales for his *matériel*, but has accepted an obvious suggestion of the poetic mind for the groundwork of his plot. He has literally rendered a metaphoric phrase, and really taken the tears of Beauty for the pearls that they are sometimes figuratively called. This hint he has pursued, until he has reared upon it the edifice of a fable sufficient to sustain a moderate degree of stage interest. *Impecunioso*, the doge, is a monarch under a mysterious curse. When his step-daughter, *Capriccia* (Miss Wyndham), shall cry, he will turn to a monster. *Capriccia* has therefore been petted, that she should have no occasion for tears, and has learnt self-restraint enough to prevent her from indulging in the luxury. She is now marriageable, and suitors compete for her hand;—but among them is not the form she had seen in her dreams, so that she endures their departure with indifference, when the doge, as in duty bound, declares his inability to fit her with a dowry. At length the form seen in her vision appears in the shape of *Ufo*, a Jack-Tar (Miss Hughes);—but he has heard about the prophecy, and is fearful of having anything to do with eyes so terribly endowed. Here, at length, the faded beauty is touched;—to be rejected by the man she really loved unlocks at once the fount of tears. But every tear proves a valuable pearl. *Impecunioso* (Mr. Robson) becomes at once a Monster of *Varice*, and resorts to cruelty to enforce the pearly

shower. Here the tragic force of the character begins. The situations parodied are those of *Sir Giles Overreach*, *Lear*, and *Macbeth*. The excerpts, however, from *Lear* are in themselves too pathetic to serve the purpose of burlesque. They still preserve their naked sacred solemnity, in spite of parody and player. Not the less, however, is the merit of the latter. Their pathos came out; mercenary as was its secondary motive, the father's passion was there, and nothing could profane its native sanctity. The greenness of the actor was seen in this—not of the burlesque, but the tragic actor—and also the divine intractability of the poetic original sought to be caricatured. The passages from Massinger fared much better, and those from Shakespeare's weird tragedy came in also well enough. The concluding situations of the piece are picturesque in representation and classical in spirit. *Impecunioso*, being pestered by his daughter's suitors, who have changed their minds, when they discover that indeed the lady

—whose bright eyes

Rain influence, and judge the prize,

in a shape so substantial and costly, and being also threatened with legal suits in support of their claims, determines to cut the matter short by marrying her himself, and passing a short act of parliament to legitimate a "marriage with a deceased wife's daughter." From this new peril *Capriccia* is relieved by *Ufo*, who turns out to be the King of El Dorado, whose streets are paved with gold, and whose ploughmen are attired in golden blouses, and who, therefore, can afford to despise the wealth to be gained by the pearls she may be made to weep. At the same time, the power of the witch ceases whose malediction had caused the misery inflicted. *Impecunioso*, too, recovers his reason, and is no longer a monster. Happiness is, therefore, possible to all parties. In such a tale as this our readers will perceive that Mr. R. Brough has exhibited more than common ingenuity.

BURLESQUES AND PANTOMIMES.—One common feature marks the various Burlesques and Pantomimes of the present season. They are all supplied with costly transformation scenes. This is mainly owing to the start gained by the LYCEUM last year, in consequence of its excellent kind this Christmas. The pantomime, under the title of 'Lalla Rookh,' presents the expulsion and return of the Peri to Paradise; and the gates and alcoves of the happy garden form the subject of the gorgeous painting and mechanical contrivances, which promise to bring renewed credit to Mr. Fenton for his talent and inventive powers.—At DRURY LANE a pantomime ('Little Jack Horner; or, Harlequin A B C'), is presented, and Mr. W. Beverly has exhausted the wonders of his pencil in furnishing forth a Coral Cave, built by *Imagination*, and tenanted by fairies of all descriptions.—SADLER'S WELLS this year has employed Mr. C. S. James to delineate "Beauty's Nuptial Bower in the Region of Roses," a scene of surpassing splendour.—The ADELPHI burlesque-pantomime is ambitious in its subject, 'The Loves of Cupid and Psyche,' and rich in its decorations.—The PRINCESS's with the Countess D'Aulnoy's tale of 'The White Cat,' has a delightful transformation scene, very elegantly conceived and tastefully executed in an animated Christmas tree, the stem of which is formed of innumerable fairy shapes.—The SURREY, as usual, is splendid in the accessories of its pantomime, which is called 'Queen Mab; or, Harlequin Romeo and Juliet.' The transformation scene, by Mr. Dalby, is clever and brilliantly effective.—At the STANDARD, we have the pantomime of 'Georgy-Porgy, Pudding and Pye,' where Mr. Douglass has indulged, not only in the magnificence of fairy pavilions and ruby columns without end, peopled with "beautiful creatures of the elements," for his transformation scene, but also in the prodigality of a second similar piece of extravagance at the close of the performance, representing Phœbus driving the Horses of the Sun.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSPEL.—We have rarely commenced a book for a new twelvemonth

with less regret for "the year that's awa" than we feel to day,—having a certain faith that A.D. 1855 may yield us in music something of fresher entertainment than the year of Cawnpore and the money crisis.—To begin, the success of Mr. Lumley's winter opera justifies what we have so perpetually urged, that it is high time to reconsider the arrangements of "the season," so far as music is concerned. Yet the theatre wears only its second-best clothes on the occasion; the chorus is reduced in number, and the company not in its full strength. No matter: the crowded state of *Her Majesty's Theatre* indicates clearly that *Harlequin* and *Columbine* are not so completely *King* and *Queen* of Christmas as mechanical managers have taken for granted.—We should now be hearing of some chamber-music from Mr. Ella, or Mr. Lind-say Sloper, or Herr Melique, or Herr Pauer (who is for the moment "playing out" his holidays in Germany),—Mr. Hullah having undertaken to break the ice so far as orchestral music is concerned.—A new singer or two of promise are to be looked for, we are told; among others, a reinforcement to our treble rank in Mrs. Street.

The choral and orchestral 'Miserere' by Herr Meyer Lutz, organist at the Roman Catholic Church across Westminster Bridge, performed there on the last Sunday in Advent, is a composition on too large a scale, and in some points too picturesque, not to claim an exception to our rule, which prohibits notice of service-music in churches. We should be glad of an opportunity of making acquaintance with the composition in another place.

What are our allies doing? Music's New-Year's promises to the good town of Paris are of more than usual interest. We understand that, ere January is out, M. Gounod's new opera, '*Le Médecin malgré lui*,' will be produced at the *Théâtre Lyrique*, and that Mlle. Artot, whom we Londoners know as a singer of high promise, will make her first appearance on any stage at the *Grand Opéra* of Paris, as *Fides*, in '*Le Prophète*.' This is daring work; but the French serious repertory, at present approachable by Mlle. Artot's voice, offers only two or three very difficult parts.—Signor Rossini's '*Bruschino*' was to be produced at M. Offenbach's little theatre on Monday last.—A young violinist, M. Sarasate, from M. Alard's class in the *Conservatoire*, seems to promise another original player on his instrument, if the accounts of his performance are to be relied on.

Further accounts from Germany warrant the hope that Herr Ferdinand Hiller's '*Saul*' is really a decided success, and an important addition to our stores of oratorio.

From the St. Petersburg Opera come tidings that Madame Biscaccianti and Madame Lotti di Santa are singularly successful this year;—to say nothing of Madame Bosio. It is odd with this to read in the same number of *La Gazette Musicale*, that Madame Fiorentini has been sent for.—From Warsaw, arrive echoes of the enthusiasm which has attended Madame Viardot's appearance in '*Norma*.' This is described as being one of the artist's best parts. Shall we not one day see it in London? It is a character which (even within the inevitable circle of fire which surrounds it) admits of many readings; and thus, we fancy (thanks to that perpetually-to-be-neglected person, the *librettist*), the opera will not be soon shelved, in spite of the thinness of its music.

As a persecuted and dismembered people—rich, too, in natural aptitude for all the arts of delivery and exhibition—it cannot be wondered if the Poles are given to exaggerate their own claims, and the obligations of Europe to them in point of art. Herein they may find a comfort, of which the most tyrannous Muscovite savagery cannot deprive them. But who could help smiling to himself that heard, as we have, a Polish amateur musician (and no mean proficient) insist that every melody in Mozart's '*Don Juan*' was a Polish national tune? M. Sowinski's '*Dictionnaire Biographique*' of Polish and Sclavonian musicians a little reminds us of the lady's *bravura*; and though it contains some out-of-the-way facts and curious references, is not worth elaborate notice. Italian composers (such as Hasse) and singers (*vide* his wife *La Faustina*) figure in the

list in right of operas composed or songs sung at the capital of Poland. What is more comical still, a Parisian lady of quality is named in the dictionary, because she opened her *salon* to M. Sowinski—also *Saint Adalbert*, because M. Sowinski set his life and performances to music. Then, the one great Polish musician of modern times, Chopin, is treated shyly; either from imperfect knowledge or reluctant sympathy. That which Dr. Liszt and Madame Dudevant have written on the subject might have been advantageously consulted. National partiality and love of titled people have misled M. Sowinski, when he spoke of Princess Marcelline Czartoryska as representing Chopin's playing better than any other living lady, and forgot the exquisite performance of Mlle. Camille Mearns. But, allowing for all these commissions and omissions, we have learnt something new in M. Sowinski's articles on Elssner, who was at the head of Polish music for many years,—on Zwiny, who taught the aforesaid admirable Chopin, and on Duranowski, the eccentric violinist, of whom it has long been said (and by others besides Poles) that his playing suggested to Paganini many of those most striking and singular effects by which the Italian violinist turned the heads of Europe.

MISCELLANEA

'*White Lies*.'—In your number of October 24th, Mr. Charles Reade referred to a quarrel he had had with Mr. Bentley in these words, "Would to God I knew where to find a Judge upon the English bench as upright (under temptation to be otherwise) as I was in this transaction." I always suspect a man who makes such a parade of his virtues, and soon found out, what your readers learned from another correspondent, that one of the tales in Mr. Reade's book about which he used this burlesque profanity, was copied from Mr. Oxenford's adaptation of '*Tiridate*,' and another from Madame George Sand's '*Claudia*.' My eye has lately been attracted by advertisements prepared with artistic variety to catch different readers. In the Sunday papers we have the following short notice:—

Just out, The Great Story of Love and Battle, '*White Lies*,' by the Author of '*It's Never too Late to Mend*,' 3 vols. one guinea. — & Co., No cheap edition of this work will appear.

In a quiet corner of the *Times* we have one rather longer:—

Every inch a Woman.—The great character of Josephine, in Mr. Charles Reade's new novel, '*White Lies*,' is not an individual, it is a whole sex, painted by a master-hand. '*White Lies*' is a story with a noble moral, none the less likely to do good that it lies in the heart of the story, and is not tediously paraded. — & Co., Their announcement as to the permanent price (one guinea) of this work having been misunderstood, the firm beg to explain that to undersell the trade customer by cheap editions seems to them not only short-sighted but disloyal, and that they shall act on that conviction by maintaining this great work in one form and price.

Am I wrong in believing that I here recognize the master-hand of the author of this "great work with a noble moral"? But, alas, my faith in "loyalty," as well as in the "permanent price of one guinea," is wrecked in the columns of the *Illustrated London News* by this announcement:—

'*White Lies*.'—The brilliant new tale, by Charles Reade, Esq., author of '*Never too Late to Mend*,' &c. &c., entitled '*White Lies*,' commenced in No. 646 of the *London Journal*, and was completed in No. 667. The *London Journal* is published weekly, price 1d. Office, Strand. Sold by all booksellers.

—I am afraid that somewhere he must have dropped upon some "lies" that are anything but "white." Certain it is, that the publishers of the *London Journal* are "disloyal" enough to publish and sell the whole of '*White Lies*,' and with pictures, too, for 1s. 10d. And this is no piracy,—for the one-and-tenpenny edition came out before the one-guinea edition, and Mr. Reade was paid for it. Without pausing to inquire who has been the victim here, let us now look at the story itself. French again, like '*Clouds and Sunshine*,' and not even with transposition to English soil and English names. This "great work" is, in dialogue and incident, a translation of a drama, called '*The Château Grantier*,' filled up into three volumes, with the moral reflections of the distinguished appropriator, who boasts of his uprightness under temptation. I must say, that I for one am very

glad that he cannot find Judges on the English Bench who take his views of honesty. M.P. Athenæum Club, Dec. 30, 1857.

Chatterton's Lodging in Brooke Street.—The house in Brooke Street in which Chatterton died is decided—No. 39, now occupied by Mr. Jefford, a plumber, being shown to be the house, by evidence of the most satisfactory character. Happening to have long known this house, both internally and externally, I will give a few particulars, which to the admirers of Chatterton, may be worth something. We know, from the account of Sir Herbert Croft, that Chatterton occupied the garret—a room looking out into the street, as the only garret in this house does. I remember this room very well, as it was twenty-six years ago, soon after which the occupier made some alterations in it. It must then have been substantially in the same condition as in 1770; for the walls were old and dilapidated, and the flooring decayed. It was a square and rather large room for an attic. It had two windows to it—lattice-windows or casements—built in a style which I think is called "Dormer." Outside ran the gutter, with a low parapet wall over which you could look into the street below. The roof was very low, so low, that I, who am not a tall man, could hardly stand upright in it with my hat on; and it had a very long slope, extending from the middle of the room down to the windows. It is a curious fact, that in the well-known picture lately exhibited at Manchester, St. Paul's is visible through the window: I say a singular fact, because, although this is strictly in accordance with the truth, as now known, the story previously believed was, that the house was opposite, where no room looking into the street could have commanded a view of St. Paul's. This, however, could only have been a lucky accident of the painter's. About the period I have mentioned, the tenant divided the garret into two with a partition, carried the roof up, making it horizontal, and made some other alterations which have gone far to destroy the identity of the room. It is a singular coincidence, seeing the connexion between the names of Walpole and Chatterton, that my friend, Mrs. Jefford, the wife of the now occupier, who has resided there more than twenty years, was for some years in the service of Horace Walpole, afterwards Lord Orford. She is a very old lady, and remembers Lord Orford well, having entered his family as a girl, and continued in it, till he died, near the end of the last century.—*Hotten's Adversaria*.

Night Services.—In your article on popular preaching, and on the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, in the *Athenæum* of Saturday last, you give several proofs how largely the rev. gentleman copies Whitfield. May I remind your readers how yet more largely he borrows from Wesley? The paragraph headed "stage effect" is Wesleyan. He first established watch-night services, and his followers continue them to this day. Enter a Wesleyan chapel at the last evening of the year, and at eleven o'clock the chapel will be crowded with a devout congregation. In many places short addresses are given by different speakers on the rapid flight of time. About ten minutes before midnight the speaker ceases, and asks the congregation to bow in silent prayer whilst the old year passes away; then it is that a solemn stillness pervades the people, each one apparently supplicating forgiveness for past sins. Soon as the clock has tolled out the old and ushered in the new year, the people rise and sing—
Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
Our life is a dream, our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moments refuse to stay, &c.

On the way home the mutual congratulations of friends and neighbours denote that the service has induced a noble feeling of forgetfulness of past differences, and many a hearty "Happy new year" is given and received by those who for months past have been unable to forgive, as they wish to be forgiven. R. S.

Bolton, Dec. 29, 1857.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—T. A. T.—D. T. T.—L. W. C. B.—R. C. C.—H. O.—R. S.—A. H.—W.—C. H. M.—T. W.—C. W. M.—W.—received.

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